THE BYSTANDER
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APRIL 27, 1932

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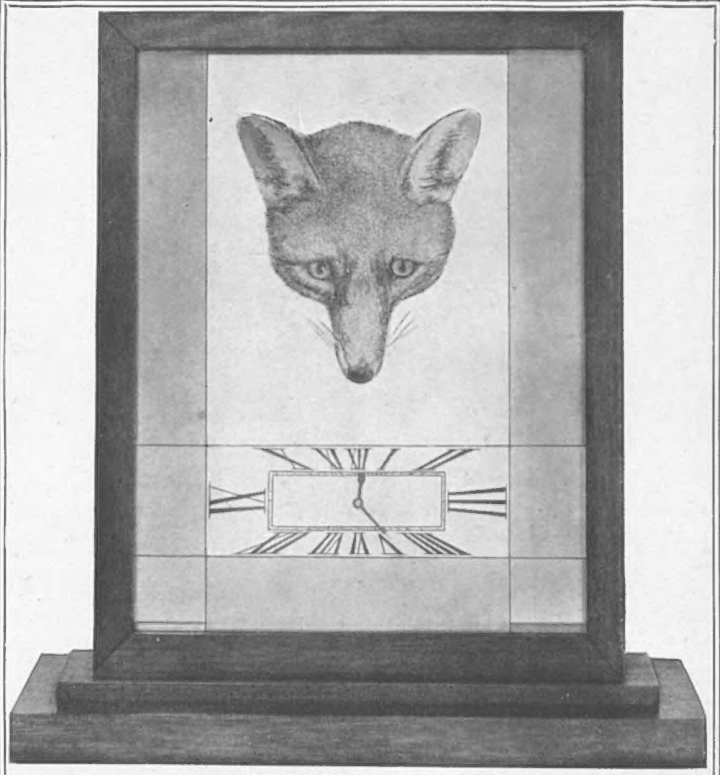
The Season at the Palace is very sharply defined. It begins on Jan. 1st and ends on Dec. 31st., and is therefore now well under way. Terms include golf, tennis, bowls, squash, badminton, swimming, gymnasium, dancing, cinema.

TELEPHONE No.: TORQUAY 2271.



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The BYSTANDER

Claude Harris

THE HON. MRS. JAMES BECK

Photographed in her charming town house in Charles Street. The only sister of Lord Glenconner, she married Mr. James Montgomery Beck in 1928

Lord Hyde gives the scout salute to the Guard of Honour as he and his bride, the Hon. Marion Glyn, leave the Abbey

Lady Stavordale and Lady Lytton leaving the Abbey after the service

The King was There

Their Majesties attended the wedding in Westminster Abbey, of Lord Hyde, the King's godson, and the Hon. Marion Glyn

The Duchess of Devonshire leaving the reception which was held at 26 St. James's Place

Left : Two more of the guests. They are Lady Avice Spicer (left) and Mrs. de Trafford

Their Majesties honoured Lord Hyde, the eldest son of the Earl of Clarendon, Governor - General of South Africa, and of the Countess of Clarendon, and the Hon. Marion Glyn, the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Wolverton, by attending their wedding at Westminster Abbey, last week. The Bishop of St. Albans and the Dean of Westminster officiated at it.

The Earl and Countess of Munster seen on their arrival at Westminster Abbey for the Hyde-Glyn wedding last week, which was attended by very many well-known people

The PASSING HOUR . .

"The Bystander" holds up the mirror to the Gay World

Miss Baba Redhead has an attractive little house in Halkin Place, S.W., said to be the smallest in London. She is the daughter of the late Mr. William Redhead and of Lady Lacon, and the sister of the Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth

Claude Harris

Miss Baba Redhead

Lenare

After the Wedding

Mr. A. L. P. F. Wallace and Miss Lois Wishart Thomson photographed after their wedding at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. With them are the best man, Lord O'Neill, and the pages and bridesmaids, the Masters Tony Fane, David Haig, Gordon Hedley, Michael Cookson and David Whittall, and the Misses Nina Thesiger, Kathleen Dudgeon, Venetia Fane, Rachel Hedley, Jane Findlay, Daphne Wallace, Jean Davidson, Violet Hibbert and Mary Collins. The reception was at 6, Ennismore Gardens

"June" Comes to London

"June," otherwise Lady Inverclyde, is back in England after her lengthy stay in America. It is probable that she will be seen again on the West-End stage in a new musical play to be produced in the very near future

IT was on Tuesday evening that the hopes and fears of hundreds of débutantes and dowagers were confirmed by the arrival of their invitations to the Courts. Naturally everybody wants to go to the First—on May 11. The orders worn by the Diplomatic Corps, and the jewellery of their wives, makes it infinitely the most impressive of all the Courts held at Buckingham Palace. Two of the lucky ones who are going to the First are Miss Valerie Lynch and Mrs. Vernon Parry.

MEANTIME, Mr. Prendergast, of the American Embassy, whom I wrote about last week, is still busy with the curtseys of the Americans who are to be presented. One woman, he recalls, said that she "always" curtseyed in America with her right leg behind her left. I had no idea there was so much Royalty in the United States. If she were allowed to do it that way at Buckingham Palace, goodness knows how she would retrieve herself without

Up in Yorkshire

Two cheerful visitors to the York and Ainsty Hunt's Point-to-Point held at Easingwold. They are the Hon. Mrs. Prior-Palmer and Miss Patience Ingham

falling to the ground in her endeavours to pass on like the others to the right of the Throne Room after her curtsey.

A DAY or two ago Mr. Mellon, the new American Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, was asked what he thought of English girls. "Well," he said, "it seems that they are shocked by nothing except electricity." He added that he had not yet been able to find any underclothes warm enough for London, but was surprised by the extraordinary warmth with which he has been greeted by two of our most prominent hostesses. It appears that both of them would like to take him under their wing, in view of the fact that there is no hostess at the Embassy. However, Mrs. Bruce, his married daughter, is arriving here in the course of this next month, and will do the honours for him. So there will be no great need for the services of Lady ——— or Lady ———.

ONE of these ladies, it is said, complained to the distinguished father of a certain young man that the latter had put out his tongue at her at a dance. The parent made the youth write a very humble apology, but did not discover until later that with the apology had gone a potted tongue from Fortnum and Mason. Another, no doubt, apocryphal story is that Lord Charles Cavendish insisted on seeing his appendix when it was removed, and then ordered it to be sent to his brother, Lord Hartington, in Ireland. So far, this may be quite true. But one doubts the alleged sequel—that Lord Hartington caught a magnificent salmon with it.

ONE of the keenest dancers in London is undoubtedly the Duke of Marlborough, who patronises the Piccadilly Hotel and the May Fair. Sometimes he will come into the May Fair by himself and sit for two or three hours listening to Ambrose's Band. On other occasions he will bring out a watch and ask whether the time was not 48 to the minute. Sometimes Ambrose himself does not know.

WHAT is the record time ever played in a dance club or restaurant? The answer is held, I believe, by Jack Harris's band when it was at the Embassy Club. They played for one hour and fifty-five minutes without stopping. For the Prince of Wales was on the floor and danced it right through to the end.

A London Wedding

Mr. Dantê Edward Pemberton Hodgson, the Welsh Guards, the only son of the late Colonel H. P. Hodgson and of Mrs. Hodgson, and his bride, Miss Barbara Ethel Davies, leaving the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, after their wedding. The latter is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold B. Davies

H.R.H. the Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone have promised to be present at the Annual Ball which the Marchioness of Carisbrooke is organising for the Friends of the Poor on May 3. Viscount Clifden, who is lending his house at 37, Grosvenor Square, is taking a personal interest in the Ball. There will be dancing to Pilbeam's Band from 10 to 3. The tickets for the Ball cost £2 2s. each, or family tickets, six for £10 10s., to include Buffet and Champagne Supper.

IN a few days time we will see whether prophetesses, unlike prophets, are honoured in their own country. Mlle. Alysia Alanova (formerly Miss Alice Allen) is giving a matinée and an evening recital of dances at the Savoy Theatre. She is staying in one of those new suites at Claridge's, with maids and secretaries, and has had great successes in France and the United States—the first English-born ballet dancer ever to have really succeeded. Her recitals are to be an entirely one-woman show like those of Ruth Draper. She is her own manager and impresario, and though I have never met her, I hear that she is very beautiful. Certainly she has broken many hearts in New York, Italy, and France.

FOR some months the Prince of Wales has been free from public conjectures about his marriage plans. But his visit to the Ideal Homes Exhibition has once again set tongues wagging. Among other sections he visited were the two-in-one flats, the gardens of the novelists, and the Post Office section, where you can hear your heart beat and test your emotions with electrical apparatus. This Exhibition has been the greatest success, and you can see and buy anything from a toothpick to a refrigerator. Which reminds me that Lord Fitzwilliam is supposed to have a toothpick holder with a solitaire diamond at the end and a platinum container for the pick. I should love to think that it is true.

PLOVER eggs have once more made their appearance in the smart restaurants. They are said to have come all the way from Holland. Anyway, they are excellent eating—much more so than

Snapped at t

the penguin eggs which had a short run in Mayfair at the beginning of the month. When will the ban on plover eggs be raised? The number that are eaten in Mayfair must be infinitesimal compared with those that are laid every year throughout the country.

THE Young Conservatives Union are holding a ball at the May Fair Hotel on May 10, and it promises to be a really cheery affair with Jack Harris and the Embassy Band playing, Frances Day singing her songs, and lots of other attractions. Tickets, which include either dinner or supper and a running buffet, are only twenty-five shillings each, a block of eight tickets costing £9.

PERHAPS because Mr. Chamberlain has promised no relief to the income-tax payers in his new Budget, and there is, therefore, no inducement to save money, London has gone into a higher level of gaiety than ever. On Wednesday there was, at one stage, barely room for six couples to dance at the Café de Paris. Two couples danced on the stairs. Lord Inverclyde clutched Miss Gertrude Lawrence tightly in the crush. Lord Carnarvon was there. Lord Blandford, whose bill for a party of sixteen at the Embassy Club recently was only thirty-two shillings, was there, too.

A Recent Wedding

Miss Desirée Welby and Captain Gerald Guinness, who were married at St. James's, Piccadilly, on Saturday last. The bride is the daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady Welby

Racing in Ireland

The Countess of Granard photographed in the Members' Enclosure held at the Kildare and National Hunt meeting at Punchestown, Co. Kildare. With her are her younger daughter, Lady Eileen Forbes, and the latter's fiancé, the Earl of Dumfries

Cocktail Time

Left: Mr. Geoffrey Gwyther (left) Miss F. Seddon, Miss Betty Elliott, Captain George Gordon, and Mr. Gerald La Coste at the cocktail party given to celebrate the opening of the reconstructed Bat Club in Albemarle Street. Mr. La Coste was responsible for the mural panels which are silhouettes executed in black patent leather. Above are seen three more guests, Lady Bridget Poulett, Mr. Waddington, and Miss Rose Bingham

Right: Captain F. J. H. Peel, Chief Constable of Bath, and his bride, Miss Daphne Pakenham, the daughter of Commander and Mrs. Packenham, being handcuffed together after passing under an arch of swords and batons on leaving St. Stephen's Church, Bath, after their wedding

Bat Club

DOUGLAS BYNG, who has been in America for some time, will return to the Monseigneur on May 4 when he is assured of a warm welcome for he has always proved very popular at this cheery spot. By the way, that clever wireless performer, Greta Keller, is appearing at the Monseigneur all this week, and her songs at supper-time are proving a great success and show her to be really clever.

WE regret that through a typographical error a book was referred to in our columns in a recent issue as *Dear Duke and Duchess*. The correct title is *Our Duke and Duchess*.

Tilly Losch's Triumph

Studies of her varying moods in "The Miracle" at the Lyceum

DIGNITY

In the Coronation scene above, the Nun (Tilly Losch) enthroned with the King (Lyn Harding)

The Nun (Tilly Losch), terrified at the embraces of the Prince in the mock wedding scene, seeks safety in flight up a winding staircase

FEAR

Photos by Sasha

SUSPENSE

The Nun (Tilly Losch) resisting the embraces of the Prince (Glen Byam Shaw) after their mock marriage. Tilly Losch, who was previously more renowned as a dancer than as an actress, has, in her performance in "The Miracle" at the Lyceum, proved herself to be as versed in histrionic as in terpsichorean art

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

A Mix-Up in Marylebone

The Hon. Mrs. Cunningham Reid, Capt. Cunningham Reid, and Sir Basil Blackett leaving the Town Hall, Marylebone, after the two latter had been nominated. This Parliamentary election is being fought by two candidates who are both Conservatives, owing to the official candidature of Capt. Cunningham Reid being objected to by various influential Conservatives in the constituency

THERE is so much excitement and speculation over the romance of a famous film star and a young lovely—mentioned before—that everyone seems to overlook the very minor point that he has a wife, and she has a husband.

WHAT a pity that a certain ex-débutante is so tactless. I wonder what really happened at the young man's cocktail party?

TO contradict a most unpleasant rumour, a small man, formerly in the Brigade of Guards, has told everyone that he is in love with a young married woman of much charm, who is often in the Mayfair eye.

ONE sees very little of Lady Castlerosse lately, but she is looking very chic and well. She has the most perfect legs in London, I believe, and her shoes are never exaggerated, but are always just right.

WHAT bad luck for a dashing young man to be caught on the stairs. Three minutes more, and he would have been well away.

Rather a Damp Squib

Lord Selby (left), the originator of the uninvited Firework Party, at the house of Sir John Leigh, which enriched a cottage hospital to the extent of a hundred guineas given in addition to an apology, seen toasting the conclusion of the exploit. Seen with him are Mr. David Behar and Mr. R. Mallock

THE little eye-veils sponsored by Marlene Dietrich have taken London by storm. Miss Gertrude Lawrence, wearing one with huge spots over a modern pork-pie hat, is more intriguing than ever; Mrs. Cecil Pim, with one of mole-grey, is piquant and chic; but Lady Bridget Poulett is too young for one, and she should take it off.

PRINCE GEORGE, as a rule, matches his partners to his height: Lady Dalkeith, for instance; there is hardly an inch between them. Princess Dimitri is another. But Lady Milbanke is taller, and so is Lady Victoria Scott. By the way, how amusing Prince George has grown lately; he is really witty, and more attractive than ever.

SÉANCES are in vogue, but a certain dinner party sat for many hours in the dark the other evening, and the only result was suppressed hiccoughs—not from the medium—but from a most ardent spiritualist!

MISS MARION GLYN, now Lady Hyde, made a lovely golden bride—so few women can wear gold really successfully; but she is one. Mrs. Arthur James was another bride in gold, and the colour still suits her quaint, page-like beauty. Lady Lettice Lygon was the most wonderful silver-and-white bride that I can remember having seen in recent years.

JUNE, otherwise Lady Inverclyde, is looking more lovely than ever, in spite of her broken heart—see daily Press. She is much smarter, too, than when she left us, so perhaps Hollywood has taught her that stars should look like stars. But, thank goodness, her fascinating low voice is unchanged.

MISS JEANNE STOURTON has copied her supposed double, Miss Margaret Whigham, again, and has bought long diamond earrings, just like the latter has been wearing for ages. In a little while we may have them like the Ruthven twins—alike in every detail.

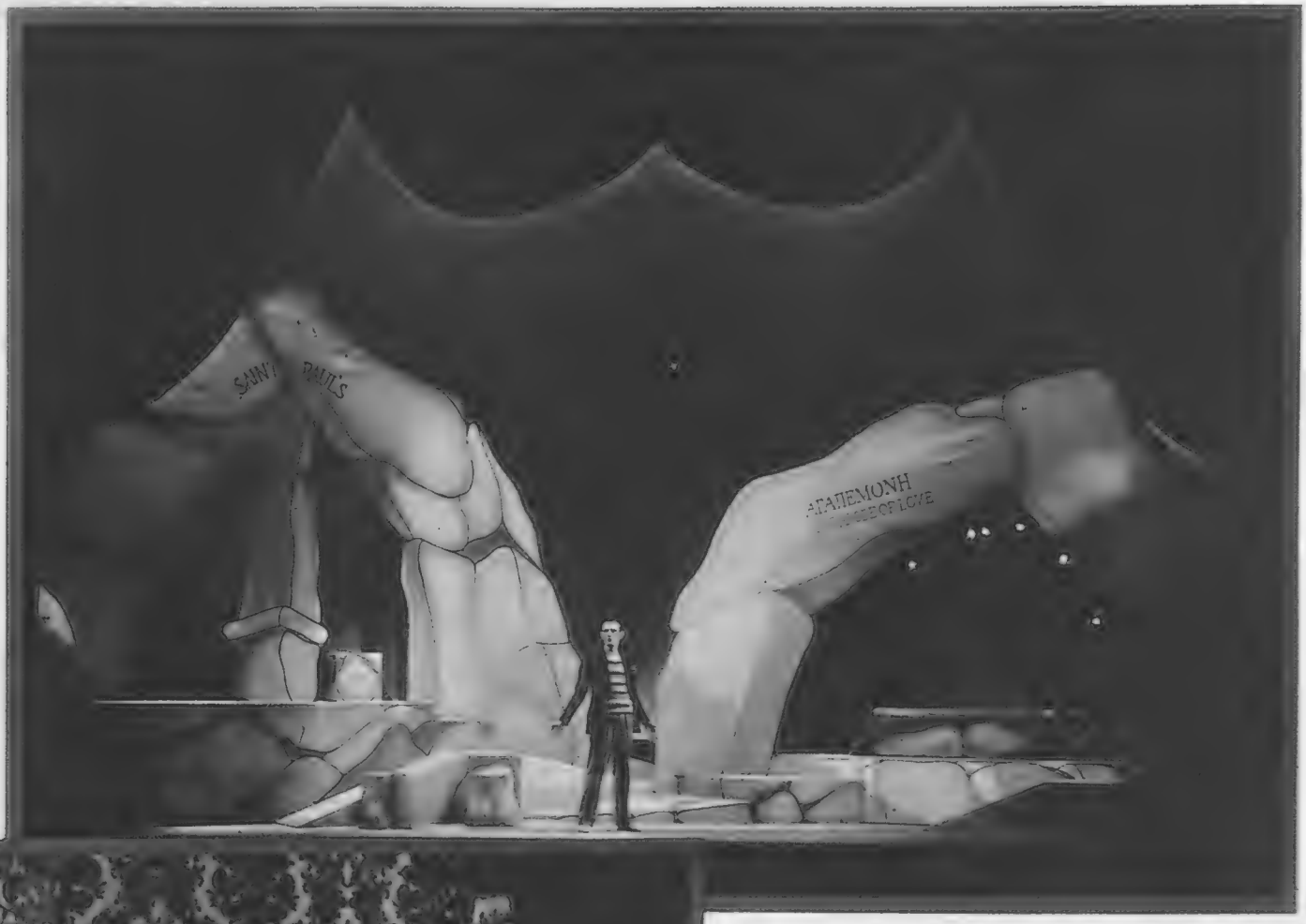
PLEASE, please, new beauties, don't get spoilt—one of the older married batch is quite ruined by newspaper admiration, and one of you is getting on that way. Look at Lady Mary Lygon, she is quite unspoilt, and quite unaffected and so are two delightful marrieds—Lady Brougham and Vaux, and Mrs. Ronald Balfour. Take a lesson, my girls!

Sir John and Lady Milbanke with Mr. Loel Guinness, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness at the latter's residence, Hamswell House, near Bath

THERE has already been one tragedy over the new stuck-on eyelashes. She said: "Don't kiss my eyes"—but it was too late—he had a complete mouthful!

THE female prize-list is now closed; but the male is open. My prize this week goes to Mr. Max Aitken, for being charming, good-mannered, clever, and alive.

C



The remarkable setting to the third act of "Too True to Be Good," as produced by the Theatre Guild of America at the Colonial Theatre, Boston. Hugh Sinclair as the Burglar is delivering the longest speech of the play, that in which he appeals fervently to the present generation to give its preachers a gospel to preach and not remain in a state of agnosticism

"Too True to be Good"

Scenes from Bernard Shaw's latest play which was roughly handled by the American critics when it was first produced in Boston recently

Allegory and Actuality

Above: Beatrice Lillie as the Crook who poses as a nurse, and Hope Williams as the hypochondriacal patient in an amusing scene from the first act. On the right, Hope Williams, Beatrice Lillie, and Hugh Sinclair are seen in the second act which takes place on "the sea beach of a mountainous country"

Racing Days in England and Scotland

A Camera Causerie from both sides of the Tweed

Left: Lady Sylvia Maitland and Miss Maitland at the recent Edinburgh Spring Meeting at Musselburgh

Cheeriness at Epsom. Included in the group are Hon. Edward Stanley, Miss Ruth Primrose, and the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton

In the Paddock

Three fair racegoers in the paddock at Musselburgh during the Edinburgh Spring Meeting. They are Lady Joan Hope, Lady Jane Egerton, and Miss Marjorie Scott

Up On the Downs

A quartette of racegoers seen at the Epsom Spring Meeting. From left to right are Viscount Borodale, Mrs. S. O. Kellet, Major Beatty, and Miss Monica Sherriff

Between Races

Lady Elizabeth Elphinstone and Major Sholto-Douglas at the Musselburgh Meeting. The former will be a Maid of Honour to Lady Colquhoun at the forthcoming Assemblies in Edinburgh

Howard Marshall *on* CRICKET

The Prospects of the Season

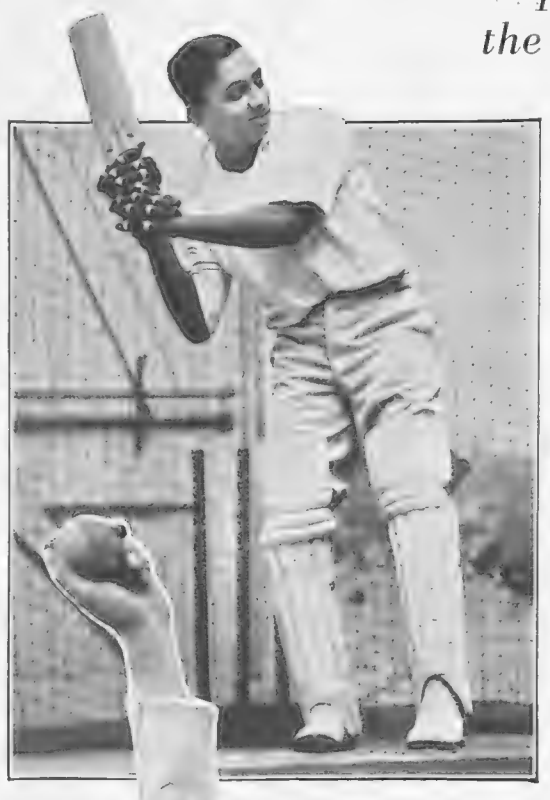
THERE is some evil chance about this business of writing the first cricket article of the season. Invariably it wrecks the weather. No sooner do I think of meadows golden in the sun and the long evening shadows and the smell of fresh-cut grass, than my windows are shaken by a piercing wind from the north which drives before it rain and sleet and snow. Well, so be it—the weather gets no change out of me this time. Turning up my collar, and wrapping a rug round my knees, I shall assume that the coming summer will be a riot of sunshine, in which the most welcome sound will be the tinkle of floating ice upon thin glass.

NOT that I would for a moment take this matter of bad weather lightly, for it was disastrous enough last year in all conscience, as various county balance-sheets proved. Another wet summer would be serious indeed, and already several county committees have been forced to make considerable reductions in the number of their professional players. And how we shall miss some of those players—the great Emmot Robinson and the dogged Oldroyd, of Yorkshire; Andy Ducat and Alan Peach, staunch favourites of the Oval crowd; Barratt and Payton, of Notts; Bates, Bell, and Ryan, of Glamorgan; Macdonald, of Lancashire; and Newman, of Hampshire, who has now become an umpire. County cricket, in fact, is passing through an anxious period, and it is vitally important that we should have a fine season for a change.

Given reasonably kindly weather, what an interesting season it promises to be! We shall have two touring teams with us—one from India, the other from South America—and then the M.C.C. Committee have to select a side to chase the Ashes in Australia next winter.

I HAVE not seen the Indians practising yet—they begin their first match against Mr. T. G. Scott's XI. at Pelsham next Friday—but from all accounts they will keep us busy if they have a chance to find their form on fast wickets. They have several punishing batsmen, chief among them Capt. C. K. Nayudu, who hits the ball with Jessopian ferocity, and their attack is formidably varied. They have eight bowlers, ranging from P. E. Palia, a slow left-hander, to Mahomed Nissar, who slings the ball down really fast from a considerable height. What is more, they will, I think, prove to be lively in the field, and their wicket-keepers, Lieut. J. Navle and B. E. Kapadia, are reputed to be first-class. A likely team, in short, which may surprise some of our county sides.

TO turn to more domestic affairs, who will the M.C.C. Committee send to Australia? We cannot, alas, begin the list once more with J. B. Hobbs, for that great batsman has retired from Test Match cricket. Sutcliffe must obviously be England's No. 1, unless he suffers some unaccountable lapse from the form which brought him 3006 runs last year for the remarkable average of 96.96. It is not so easy to say who is to open the innings with him, for although D. R. Jardine has the temperament and the technique for an opening batsman, he will be needed to stiffen the resistance somewhere about the middle of the batting order.



K. S. Samarsinhji, who goes up to Cambridge as a "fresher" this summer, at net practice at Hove. He is a cousin of K. S. Duleepsinhji, and a nephew of the immortal "Ranji"

Claude Lewis, the twenty-two years old Kent Second XI. bowler, who may play for the first XI. this season. Last year he headed the averages and is a sound batsman as well as being yet another Kentish left-hander of promise

THE names of Bakewell and Arnold immediately spring to mind—somehow they come together as naturally as eggs and bacon—but neither of these young players really made good on the big occasions last summer. G. D. Kemp-Welch is another candidate, though whether his methods are really solid enough remains to be seen. No, it is not easy to name Hobbs' successor, and it is comforting to think that for first and second wicket we have K. S. Duleepsinjhi and Hammond. I suppose these four certainties—Duleepsinjhi, Hammond, Jardine, and Sutcliffe—are as fine a quartet of Test Match players as any in the world,

IF our batting is strong enough, what of the English bowling? Last year it was not particularly convincing, but then Larwood missed most of the representative matches, and Larwood, without a doubt, is going to be a power in Australia. He is now a very fine fast bowler. We shall need also a slow left-hander, and on this account Verity, the young Yorkshireman, will be anxiously watched. Last season he was a good bowler, though immature, but I think that he will make considerable progress this summer. If he does, another problem will be solved, and the selectors will be able to turn with some relief to the spin bowlers, men like F. R. Brown, I. A. R. Peebles, and R. W. V. Robins. Brown is a most promising bowler, for he is appreciably faster than the usual spin merchants, which makes him awkward to play, though he turns the ball almost too sharply and beats both bat and batsman, so that the hungry sheep in the slips "look up and are not fed." Then Bowes, of Yorkshire, might be useful in Australia, with his imperturbable steadiness and his apparent ability to make pace off the pitch. England has the makings of a dangerous attack right enough, and there are several wicket-keepers knocking at the door, with Ames the most probable choice.

T'COOP GOES NORTH

Gerard Fairlie and H. H. Harris at Wembley

At 5.30 a.m. the last weed was uprooted and handed over to the Stadium Foreman

At 6.30 a.m. the first Newcastle muffin bell was heard in the outskirts of Wembley

THE whole point, Harris, is that they should not realise that you and I have no knowledge of football. If we were only doing this community singing, for instance, that would be simple. What's that, sir? We're switched on? On to what? Oh, I see? *What?* Everybody's listening? The ether is mine? Shut up, Harris, I'm talking to my public.

Ladies and gentlemen, let me tell you that the sun is shining at Wembley. Can you imagine that, seated by your sets? Can they imagine that, Harris? No? All right, I'll wash that bit out. Wash that bit out, ladies and gentlemen.

Gentlemen and blondes, chaps and brunettes, we are gathered together for the purpose of deciding the ultimate destination for this year of grace which is nineteen-thirty-two of the English Football Cup. We . . . stop me somehow, Harris, I know I'm on the wrong track. What? They're coming out? Well, why not? I suppose it's the sun. Oh, you mean the players. So they are.

They're coming out . . . . I can see them quite distinctly . . . . I'm wrong, I can't see them at all . . . . if you wouldn't mind sitting down, sir, and give someone else a chance . . . . *thank* you very much, but not on my hat . . . . thank *you*, sir.

In pairs. A red and a black and white vertical stripe. They've all got new shirts for the occasion. Very well dressed. They are lining up. Stop breathing, here's the King.

That was most impressive. What a wonderful sight it is to see over ninety-thousand people standing bare-headed while the National Anthem is played. Makes one really believe in Britain in spite of the Budget. His Majesty is now shaking hands with the players. His Majesty has rejoined his Queen. Nelson, Newcastle captain, has fumbled less successfully than Parker, Arsenal captain, and has got the small change out first. Parker has called heads. What's that, Harris? All right, perhaps it was tails. One or the other, anyway. And he's right.

They're off. Allen has started the game. The ball has moved from PQ2 to . . . . where has it moved to . . . . well, anyway, it's not where its moved to now. It's gone out of play and Parker has had an argument with a camera. It looks at the moment as if the camera had won, but Trainer Whittaker is on Parker's side. By his side, too. Parker is all right and the camera has been relegated ten yards.

PLAY is continuing. Oh . . . . oh . . . . oh . . . . oh . . . . sit down, sir. Don't you know I'm talking to my public? Hasn't anyone informed you that the ether is mine? How do you expect me to see anything through the back of your head? Don't argue with me, sir! Hit him, Harris . . . . I say, mind the microphone . . . .

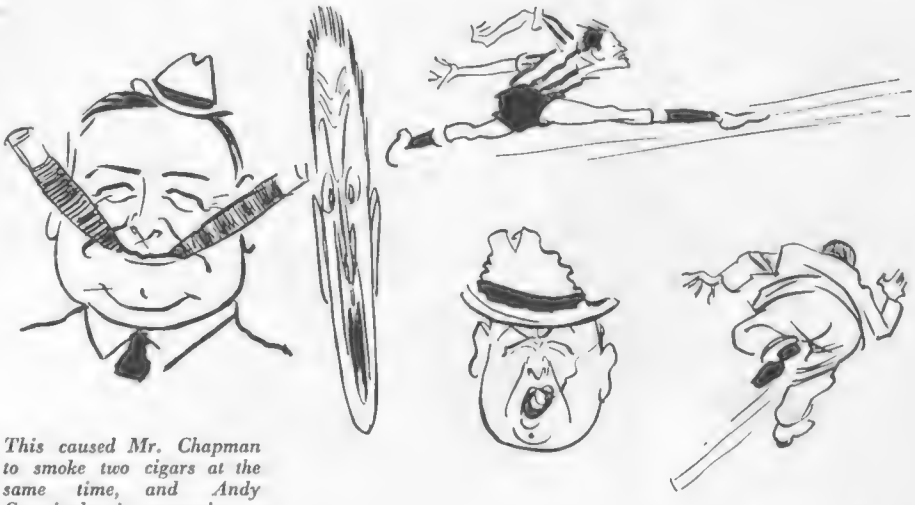
That wasn't the match, ladies and gentlemen. That was Harris being hit.

Come back, Harris. The gentleman can stand as much as he likes. We'll look at the match through his parting, if he'll take off his hat. Thank *you*, sir.

Keep your eye on the ball, Harris. Where is it now? Ah, Weaver of Newcastle has it. He's given it to Bastin? Don't be a fool, cup finalists are never so generous: you mean Bastin took it. Bastin has got it. The gentleman . . . . the *gentleman* in front is up again . . . . Bastin has passed to John, but somebody else in a red shirt has it and has given it to Hulme . . . . yes, Harris, *that* is the correct use of the word . . . . dare I ask the man in front to sit down again . . . . you do it, Harris . . . . Hulme has got the ball right down to the corner flag and has centred . . . . John has met the ball with his head . . . . oh, very clever . . . . the ball is in the net.

Sixty-five seconds (Harris—Fairlie time) after the beginning of the game, the Newcastle lads got Parker into an early edition of the Press

John nodded a goal for the Reds after fourteen minutes, much to the surprise of McInroy



This caused Mr. Chapman to smoke two cigars at the same time, and Andy Cunningham's expression to go all long

But when the Black-and-Whites equalised Mr. Chapman swallowed a cigar and Andy went to 'phone working miners—if any—at Newcastle

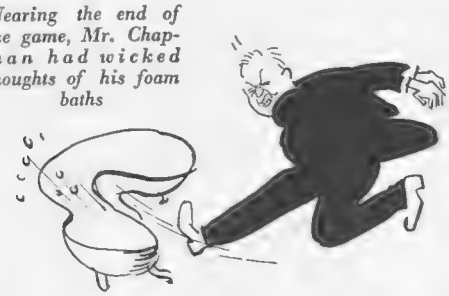
After the first twenty minutes the Reds became mentally slack and took up various training attitudes so much so, that they started a new game of soccer golf—

—and even waited for the ball to stop rolling before playing it. In the meantime Hulme was absolutely starved and Alec James' knee in the stand became full of expression

The Black-and-Whites were well on their way towards the second goal during the period of the Reds mental golf, and Mr. Chapman was dreading the roar of 93,000 people

Bird's-eye view from the press stand of the "injustice" goal of the Black-and-Whites. The cross clearly shows the ball going behind the line

Nearing the end of the game, Mr. Chapman had wicked thoughts of his foam baths



Nothing but admiration can be felt for the Newcastle gent who carried a jar of pickled onions, and the Highbury Hero who was wearing the Arsenal colours next to his heart after the match had finished

Go and use that refreshment ticket they so kindly gave us, Harris. But don't spend all the one and threepence at once. Bring me back something, we must celebrate this great event!

Ladies and gentlemen, after fourteen minutes the Arsenal are leading by one goal, scored by John, to nothing. Absolutely nothing . . . . not even a try.

It's a very clean game. Up to now the Arsenal have been on top, but something has happened. Newcastle have found their feet. What's that, Harris? Yes, of course they were within their boots. You could have told them? Now, don't put me off.

Newcastle are pressing like . . . . Newcastle are pressing like anything. The black and white stripes, which showed signs of going rather horizontal, are returning to the vertical. By Jove, Boyd is racing for the ball. Against Hapgood. Boyd will never get it . . . . yes, he will . . . . no, he won't . . . . but he has, just as it was reaching the line . . . . he's centred . . . . somebody has got their head to it . . . . GOAL!

Who scored that goal, Harris? Moss? Don't be absurd, that's the Arsenal goalkeeper. Parker? Here, give me the programme. Allen, you . . . . sit down, sir. Look out, Harris! Oh, it's all right, he has.

Ladies and gentlemen, the Arsenal and Newcastle are now level at one goal all.

The game is starting again. It's all Newcastle now. It's half-time.

The band is playing, and the sun has this time brought out a very large number of policemen. I don't know why, unless its for Harris.

Here come the players again. They have kicked off and Newcastle are pressing . . . . Goal! . . . . no, Moss has made a wonderful save . . . . Goal! . . . . no, the goal-post has made a wonderful save . . . . Newcastle are much the better side on the day . . . . Goal! . . . . no, Moss has made another wonderful save. What a grand game Moss is playing for the Arsenal!

The Arsenal are very disjointed . . . . by Jove, Allen is away on his own . . . . Parker and Hapgood are closing in on him . . . . Parker has been eluded by a lovely swerve of Allen's . . . . he's shooting . . . . Moss cannot possibly reach it . . . . gk?! *!?!!

No, ladies and gentlemen, that wasn't atmospherics. That was me. Newcastle, with fifteen minutes to go, are ahead.

There are only ten minutes to go. There are only five minutes to go. No, of course we can't go yet, Harris. I know Newcastle are pressing, but think of the empty ether. Only four minutes. Three . . . . two . . . . one.

Newcastle United, ladies and gentlemen, have won the Cup Final by defeating the Arsenal by two goals to one.

The Newcastle players, headed by Nelson, are going to receive the Cup and their medals from the Queen. Can't you shut off the beastly thing, I can't think of anything more to say. Where's Harris? Sit down, sir. No, of course stand if you want to.

Where's Harris? He's found another refreshment ticket? Good-night, everybody . . . . good-night.

My Weekly Thought

"Dora" the Deadweight

By Norman Thwaites

A FRIEND of mine but lately returned from the United States gave me this interesting figure. American tourists visiting Europe during the past nine years spent approximately £1,166,000,000, or £130,000,000 annually. Of this vast sum France enjoyed the greater part. According to figures collected by the Travel Association of Great Britain, France estimates her total annual tourist traffic as worth not less than £120,000,000, while Great Britain's total is no more than £12,000,000!

WHY do we not get a larger share? Americans certainly have greater affinity with England than with France, racially and historically, for, in spite of profuse immigration from Continental countries in the years immediately before the war, the Anglo-Saxon element still predominates throughout the States, while the French influx is, as it has always been, completely negligible.

Can Carpentier Come Back?

Georges Carpentier, the former heavyweight champion of France, who is now in America, hopes to stage a "come-back" in the realms of boxing—always a difficult achievement. He is seen above with Irene Bordoni, the French film star, in a New York gymnasium during a preliminary canter with the boxing gloves

OF course, the greatest of all handicaps to the "Come to Britain" movement is that strumpet "Dora." If it be true that she is dead, as we are told, her progeny survive, and have indeed been raised to the status of legitimacy by post-war Governments.

The Nonconformist Conscience makes cowards of us all, and we are subject to the vociferous vehemence of a small group of pale people too weak to be wicked.

Only one Member of every two in the House of Commons ventured to register his vote when Sir William Davison asked permission to introduce his Sweepstakes Bill. The abstainees had eyes upon the Mrs. Grundys in the constituencies.

That is the trouble with our system. Bright young rebels might achieve something if allowed to exhibit their natural talents, and were not condemned "to stand tremulous before the Whips in the Lobbies and the scorpions in the constituencies," as Max Beerbohm wrote thirty-eight years ago.

ON the subject of sweepstakes, however, Members had no Whips to interfere with their judgment, and as the constituencies are beginning to give tongue against grandmotherly legislation, there was no need to be so timorous.

The Isle of Thanet is yodelling in Bacchanalian triumph in celebration of later closing hours at Kentish seaside resorts. The determination to revive a Merry England is manifesting itself on all sides.

Meanwhile, from France come laments over the decline of her tourist traffic. With the British pound at its present value it would appear that we have an opportunity to increase the number of visitors to our shores. Let us seize it gratefully.

A RESTAURATEUR who runs two attractive dining places in London, and a club on the Thames, told me last week that he would gladly contribute several hundred pounds to the Travel Association or any such society that advertises the attractions of this country. But not until "Dora" is liquidated. It is hopeless, he says, to battle against present restrictions. Americans, who, thanks to Prohibition, can get a drink at all hours when at home, and Continentals from lands of freedom, resent our impertinent curtailment of liberty.

Since the War several countries have tried to turn back the clock. Six European States tried that shop-worn folly called Socialism and abandoned it after a few futile years. Others experimented with Prohibition with the same result. Only Russia persevered with the one, and the United States with the other. I invite consideration of the consequences!

Recently Married

Captain Woolf Barnato, the millionaire racing motorist, and his bride, formerly Miss Jackie Quealy, photographed on their arrival at Southampton on board the "Empress of Britain." They were married in America according to the rites of the Mormon Church

OUR EXEMPLARY THEATRE

The Hon. Eleanor Plumer, whose work it is to visit the London theatres on behalf of the Public Morality Council, says: "The London stage very seldom offends against public morals. It is a pleasure to testify to the general decency of the British theatre."

THE British Museum's a den of vice
The National Gallery's far from nice,
And the things that go on at Memorial Hall
The toughest of villains might well appall,
Whilst most of the orgies within the Tate
Are far too horrible to relate,
But the London theatre is NEVER low—
In fact, it's as pure as the driven snow.

Full many a wild Pagan bacchanal
Takes place round the Albert Memorial,
And revels of quite the most ghastly sort
Are secretly staged at the Inns of Court,
And the Athenæum likes games of dice,
"Strip-poker" and other sports far from nice—
But the London Theatre is NEVER low,
Au contraire, it's always most comme il faut.

Though the Wicked mock and the Heathen rage,
They can't cast a slur on our noble stage
Or lure into ways that are coarse and bad
One brave managerial Galahad
Whose motto is still what it's always been:
"You'll never be wrong if you keep it clean."
Yes, the London Theatre is NEVER low—
But the evening's takings are often so!

B. W.

This Modern Age . . .

. . . When Even Pigs have Wings!

The Master of Sempill, who has started rearing herds of pedigree cattle and pigs, recently had two Tamworth pedigree pigs brought from Leicestershire to his farm at Hanworth by air and they are seen above landing from a Desoutter 'plane safe and sound after their unique journey. The aeroplane is certainly becoming more and more used for all purposes and many of the latest flying developments and activities will be discussed in our special Flying Number which will be published on May 25

E

THE WORLD

Horror Films. Why Don't We Use Our Authors
Hollywood Captures. Wh

Greta Nissen

The Fox star who appears in "The Silent Witness," which followed "A Night Like This" at the New Gallery. She is engaged to be married to Weldon Heyburn, who plays the part of her husband in "The Silent Witness"

Ann Dvorak

Who will be seen in the new talkie, "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." She is a new discovery of First National, and has very definitely made good in films

Joan Barry

Who plays one of the leading parts in the Sterling film production of "The First Mrs. Fraser." This new talkie version of St. John Ervine's delightful comedy was trade-shown last week

ANOTHER "Horror" talkie was shown to the experts of the film trade this week. It rejoices in the title of *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, and is the product of the Universal Company, who made *Frankenstein*. I went prepared to be thrilled and chilled; I was neither. They tell me it has been got at by the Censor. If that is so, he has done his job to some purpose. Personally, I am a bit hard-boiled about these "shockers." *Frankenstein* failed to keep me awake o' nights, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was to me little more than a superb piece of cinematic craftsmanship, and so I may be wrong about this one. I hope I am; but I must say that the audience didn't seem to be any more excited than I was. Calm reigned supreme.

"MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE" is adapted from an antiquated story by Edgar Allan Poe. It creaks, as do so many of the stories from which our film fare is evolved, and it never begins for one moment to be real on the screen. Which brings us to the question of when, in heaven's name, our producers are going to realise that the public is getting sick and tired of seeing films made from old and well-worn stage plays, apparently on the theory that, because they have been played in the theatre they are bound to make good pictures—whereas the reverse is more often than not the case. There is always a market among film producers for a stage play, provided it runs more than a week or so, and yet there does not seem to be any definite move in the direction of getting the best of our story writers to write direct for the screen. Say to Edward Knoblock, for instance, (who has had a vast experience of Hollywood, and studied production methods there for a number of years): "Write a screen story for such and such an artist," and I am prepared to bet all the money I am ever likely to make that he will turn out a better job than could be obtained by scouring the theatres of the West End to find a suitable vehicle for that artist. Say the same to any of the brilliant writers with which this country abounds, and I am equally certain that in the majority of cases the result would be the same.

FEW, if any, of our authors and dramatists seem to be writing for the screen and yet in Hollywood we find a very great number of their best—and ours—constantly employed writing direct for the stars, with results like *Lovers Courageous*, the brilliant Lonsdale effort that has lately been filling the Empire. Here is a story based on a recipe which would appear to have an absolutely universal appeal. Some of our film dictators will tell us that audiences don't like films based

of the FILM

Recent Films. Versatile Harry Lachman. Will Go Next?

By Wilfred James

on stories of low-life because the vast majority of picturegoers are recruited from the lower or middle classes, and when they go to the pictures they want to be taken out of themselves and transported to the realms of make-believe; others that Society Drama—stories of the Upper Ten—will "get the bird" from a working-class audience in nearly every cinema in the land; others, again, that comedy is the only safe thing to tackle—make them laugh and they 'll leave the theatre satisfied—but in *Lovers Courageous* there seems to be something to satisfy all tastes and all classes—just as there seemed to be in the recent *Sunshine Susie*, surely the gayest and happiest picture that has come out of any studio for many a long day. This is released throughout the country this week, by the way. Take my advice. Go and see it.

WITH the exception of the Empire attraction the recent crop of West End films has not moved me to any great heights of enthusiasm. The Buchanan epic at the Capitol—*Viennese Nights* seemed to me to miss it in some strange way. There is a lot of good in it, but I am one of those who regard Buchanan as a really *great* artist, and in whom the greatest part of his artistry is his dancing. And so, to me, a Buchanan film without Buchanan dancing is just about as satisfying as roast beef without Yorkshire Pudding. However, most of Jack's fans will like him in it—and in Miss Anna Neagle there seems to be a young lady who is definitely headed for stardom.

Harold Huth

Another member of the clever company to play in the talkie version of "The First Mrs. Fraser." This film is one of the brightest of the new British films

"ARROWSMITH," the Tivoli attraction, I found strangely disappointing. Many of my friends who have read Sinclair Lewis's novel tell me that it is a first-class screen adaptation of the story. But they are fortunate in having known what it was all about before seeing it. I didn't know—and, what is more, I know very little more *after* seeing it.

Clothes and the Woman

Isla Bevan and Elizabeth Allen, who play two of the shop assistants in "Nine till Six," preparing for the labours of the day. This film, with the new Constance Bennett talkie, "Reputation," is being shown at the Regal, and the London Pavilion

I RECEIVED a photograph from Hollywood last week which showed all the stars, directors, and technicians on the Universal lot. And there, right in the back row, was our old friend, Raymond Massey, the brilliant young actor and stage director. I suppose he will be directing films in the very near future. He should be. I remember the time and trouble I spent trying to persuade our own film folk that he was worth keeping over here. And the same applied to his very beautiful wife, Adrianne Allen. Surely here was ready-made star material. She 's proved it by what she had done in pictures. But, no, beautiful Miss Allen did *not* receive offers. And so she took herself off to the Land of Promise, where she has received several. Result: beautiful Miss Allen will shortly arrive in Hollywood to join her husband—and so two more of our own brightest and best are lost to British films.

WHO will be the next? Joan Barry (I believe so); Elizabeth Allen (I should think so, for certain, as soon as her present contract is up); Benita Hume (I shouldn't wonder); Gertrude Lawrence (no doubt, when she can find the time); Betty Stockfield (who knows?); Anne Tod (why not?); Anna Neagle (unless we 're careful); Colin Clive (I think so, shortly); Owen Nares (I know he 's had offers); Harold Huth (he wants to, and there 's no doubt he 'll be able to), and so on. But Gordon Harker stays with us, Lord be praised, because he 's under contract over here for another four years.

PICTORIAL GEMS from the PARIS SALON

"LE MIROIR." By A. Faugeron

"JEUNE FILLE AU MIROIR." By Gaston Guédy

The annual exhibition at the Paris Salon, which opens a little earlier in the year than does its British counterpart at Burlington House, always creates the keenest interest in the world of art. This year the exhibition reaches, on the whole, a very high level, as will be gathered from the five reproductions seen on this page of a few of the outstanding pictures to be seen on the walls

"DENISE." By J. Cottenet

"LE MATIN." By C. Watelet

"MADAME DUDLEY AND CHILD." By Alfred Everett Orr

If Gossip We Must . . .

Chilly "Summer Time"—America Lauds Britain—A Famous Detective—A Pundit of the Bench—Paris by Air

Trade organs trying to explain that better trade returns, lower imports, higher exports, and a decrease in unemployment have, although these have all come along since the introduction of Protection, really nothing whatever to do with Protection at all and are here in spite of it.

AMERICA has never shown any tendency in the past to pat Great Britain on the back. Very much, indeed, the reverse. Wherefore is praise from that quarter all the more valuable when it does come. Listen to this from one of America's most prominent and influential journals, which in the past has been anti- rather than pro-British: "The whole world looks upon Great Britain with envy. With practically every other nation facing a deficit, with the powerful United States finding grave difficulties in building a tax bill and effecting economies sufficiently extensive to secure a similar end, is it any wonder that observers marvel how Britain has been able to do it? The answer is simple. The British saw the situation and faced it promptly. . . . The nations which have been repudiating obligations or threatening to do so as the only way out of trouble, might study the courage and manhood of Britain, finding out by its experience an avenue to restored financial soundness and sanity."

We duly glow.

Phyllis Stanley

Who is playing in "The Miracle" at the Lyceum Theatre. The striking costumes add greatly to the impressiveness of the production, which was directed by Max Reinhardt

Dignity Personified

J. Robertson Hare whose latest rôle, that of the superbly "correct" Mr. Peck, is one of the outstanding successes of "Dirty Work" at the Aldwych Theatre

A Cabaret Ray of Beauty

Mary Barlow as she appears as "Radio Italy" in a scene from C. B. Cochran's "Magic Nights," the supper-time show at the Trocadero. This is one of the brightest and most amusing dancing shows to be seen in the West-End

WITH chill blast summertime has come in; R.A.'s, with rejection in their aspect, have given as their verdict, in the case of pictures innumerable, that it is not a hanging matter; Viscount Churchill will soon be deciding how many of the socially-ambitious it will be possible to cram into the Royal Enclosure at Ascot; June (Lady Inverclyde), is busy planning *The Saga of a Broken Heart*, and, altogether, the season is well on its way.

We shall be entitled to enjoy or to endure it without the heedless-of-their-doom-the-little-victims-play feeling of last year. There is something to feel confident about. Even if it is not the tariffs which have brought the change for the better, one can get a good deal of quiet fun in watching the Free

NOT only has America lost some of her confidence in herself (though not, I think, her real courage); she has lost her famous detective, Mr. William J. Burns. I met Burns once in the Salmagundi Club, New York—a quiet, burly man with a trim moustache. As he was as unlike the pictures of Sherlock Holmes as it is possible to be, he was known everywhere as "Sherlock Holmes in real life." I do not pretend to know what Mr. Burns's professional methods

"In for a Penny, in for a—'Bob'!"

Sylvia Sidney, the Paramount star, who had worn long hair on the stage and screen throughout her entire career, recently took the fatal plunge and joined the ranks of the bobbed. She is seen in the above photograph as she now appears after having cut the Gordian knot and the raven tress

By Webster Murray

"Are you going to tell me that you've never let a man kiss you before?"
"Certainly not! I'm only more discriminating now!"

age, devoted themselves to their work and not to social dissipations, and so on, and so on, with the moral attached.

With profound respect do I suggest that, although a rap over the knuckles for running-up the bill may very well have been deserved, His Honour was talking through his wig. The Bancrofts and the Kendals did not give cocktail parties, because cocktail parties were not the vogue in those days. But one has only to read the Bancrofts' reminiscences to realise that for years they were enveloped in a sea of social activities, of which they were not a little proud.

Sir Henry Irving delighted to sit up with convivial friends at the Garrick Club until all hours of the morning and hated going to bed. That the mighty Edmund Kean was a drunkard is no secret.

No actor, or actress, is any the better for attending cocktail parties; but if "the divine fire" is there, they will be none the worse for them. If it is not there, it won't matter a twopenny-damn whether they go to a hectic party every night or whether they lead lives of morbid asceticism.

were. But you can gather complete and explicit information on this point from the following excerpts from his obituary notices:

"Mr. Burns used countless disguises."—*The Daily Mail.*

"He never used disguises."—*The Times.*

It is usually coroners who are given to *ex cathedra* utterances at great length on matters about which they obviously know little or nothing. But sometimes a county court judge has a shot at the game (even the High Court is not altogether blameless in this respect). The other day a minor actress, having given a cocktail party, was sued by her wine-merchant for the price of the drinks supplied. The county court cadi then went off into an indignant comment to the effect that it was not thus that the Kendals and the Bancrofts behaved, that the great figures of the stage, of that or of any other

By Frank Whitburn

"I'm sorry to have to say it, my dear, but I really don't like that young man you are going about with now."
"That's all right, Dad. Tony isn't exactly nuts on you!"

Since for some inscrutable reason orchestral concerts in London suddenly close down altogether with the arrival of May, it is as well that, after all, Covent Garden is to have an opera season, although a very short one. The idea that the period when London is particularly full of fairly cultured people with a certain amount of money to spend must be that in which the Queen's Hall becomes about as useful as the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes in Christmas week, probably accounts for the distress among orchestral players, of which we hear so much. I trust that Sir Landon Ronald's suggestion will

be adopted by the various rival symphony orchestras, at present engaged in cutting each other's throats, combining to form one effective and successful body. If this is done, they should give concerts during the social season, when they will realise the truth of Miss Vesta Victoria's immortal dictum—"It 's alright in the summer time."

MEANWHILE, the Covent Garden Wagner Festival looks like being a big success, with Sir Thomas Beecham as the conductor-in-chief. If the hatchets are not buried as yet, the holes have been well and truly dug for the interment, which may take place at any moment. It is good to know that one of the most potent figures in the anti-Covent Garden camp is working hard to ensure bumper houses for every performance. *Tant mieux!* I hear of a revival of the "omnibus box" system—a feature of Edwardian times. If some of our fairly bright young people, who, most of them, are quite musical, can club together for a "bottle party," they can do so for a box at the opera—and they probably will.

A LITTLE time ago I drew attention to the speed and comfort with which the Air Union looked after their Paris-London passengers at both Croydon and Le Bourget. I did not mean, of course, to imply that those virtues are the monopoly of that one firm. The Imperial Airways, for instance, have supplied me with a perfectly legitimate blowing of their own trumpet. It is a fact that, taking one month, March, as an example, they carried double the number of passengers than that carried by the rival firm—eighteen as against seven per service. Obviously, it takes less time to get seven people through the formalities of departure than eighteen. As regards the time in the air, it is a neck-to-neck race, with a difference of only a very few minutes between the Air Union and the Imperial Airways. Thus do the public, as always, benefit from competition.

The Imperial Airways lack nothing in both courtesy and efficiency. Such delays as may arise at any time at the Customs or passport office are not, of course, the fault of the company, whatever its nationality, which owns and runs the aeroplanes.

AFTER the first, and private performance of the talkie version of our old friend St. John Ervine's play, *The First Mrs. Fraser*, I went to the supper, dance, cabaret, and general jamboree at Grosvenor House. It was, indeed, a feeding of the five thousand—it seemed almost as many as that—and not on loaves and fishes, but on turtle soup and chicken and peaches and champagne, with cigars of Zeppelin-like calibre. And there were two bands and special dancers and what-not. Among the crowd, Henry Ainley moved god-like, while Joan Barry had donned the white ermine of a blonde-like life.

Mannell

"Show a Leg, There!"

Eda Peel and Stanelli, as they appear in the special presentation performance at the Dominion Theatre. Stanelli, who is the well-known violinist, conducts his own band and acts as Master of the Ceremonies at this theatre

BY A. R. CANE

Dentist: "All right, Sir, all right. There is no need to worry about payment before the extraction."

Patient: "Payment be blowed! I'm just going to count my money!"

Walter Bird

Joan Gardener

One of the clever people who are helping to make "Bow Bells" chime merrily at the London Hippodrome, which has lately been made still more attractive by the interpolation of some new sketches

Round the Town

WHO'S WHO and WHAT'S WORN

By Jane Gordon

On Honeymoon

Dr. Trevor Stamp and his bride, formerly Miss Frances Bosworth, of Evanston, Ill., seen on their arrival at Waterloo from America after their wedding. The bridegroom is the son of Sir Josiah Stamp, and his bride is the niece of General Dawes, the former American Ambassador to Great Britain

WHAT has happened this last week to make all our débutantes wear black, and all the older women appear in white and milk-and-water colour-schemes? Lady Julia Pakenham was at a particularly smart First Night, dressed in a black lace dress which was most becoming to her, as she really has got the perfect schoolgirl complexion. Miss Margaret Whigham was dancing in a black chiffon dress at the Embassy. It was the first time I had ever seen her in black, and I feel sure, if she knew how becoming it was to her, she would wear it more often. Mrs. Van den Bergh was there the same evening, wearing a white dress of angel-skin lace; and Mrs. Sainsbury (Mrs. James Pearce's mother) was also there, in a pale-green embroidered dress. Miss Betty Kemp-Welsh was having supper at the Savoy the next evening, and she was also wearing a black chiffon dress; while Lady Mullens, the mother of Princess George Imeretinsky, who was also having supper at the Savoy, was dressed entirely in white.

IT must be very awkward to choose unwittingly the same dress that has been bought by some well-known actress or leader of fashion. There was a woman out dancing the other evening in a white chiffon dress which had enormous flat red sequins placed on the bodice and the top part of the skirt, and a bright red leather belt at the waist. Miss Marion Harris had worn this same dress the previous night at the Café de Paris. There must have been any number of women in the room who recognised the frock and compared it unfavourably with the one worn by Miss Harris.

Bassano

The Hon. Mrs. Ian Campbell

Whose husband, the Hon. Ian Campbell, is the heir-presumptive of the Duke of Argyll. She is the only daughter of Lord Beaverbrook

IN a year or two we shall probably be dashing over to New York for week-end visits. Even now, quite a few people are crossing the Atlantic to spend just a week or so in New York. Mrs. Vernon Parry, who has been paying a short visit to her family in the States, has come back with some lovely New York dresses. One she was wearing the other day at a cocktail party was black marocain, with narrow shaped strips of white lace let into the yoke and the top part of the sleeves. She tells me that plumpness is coming into fashion in New York, and that women are actually having their clothes padded at the chest and hips. Schiaparelli brought in padded shoulders almost a year ago now, but nobody on this side of the Atlantic has yet thought of padding the chest and hips.

WHAT fun it must be to have really flaming red hair like Anny Ahlers! Hers is the loveliest red I have ever seen. The curious thing about people with this colour hair is that they have such stereotyped ideas about the colours they can wear. Miss Ahlers was wearing at a supper party the other evening a beautifully cut white crêpe dress and a green velvet shoulder cape. White and green, black or blue, are the only colours that red-headed women ever dare appear in. I would love to see Miss Ahlers in a white dress, with a belt, shoes, and gloves of exactly the same colour as her hair, and I would like to see her in deep purples, and that church-window mixture of dark red and dark blue.

THE three smartest women I have seen this week have been Miss Gertrude Lawrence, who was at a party in a pale-green and white patterned crêpe evening dress with flat white flowers that looked like small Tudor roses appliquéd round the décolletage; Countess Bosdari, who was at the theatre in a rust-red velvet evening coat with a shoulder cape edged with a wide band of greyish-brown fox; and Mrs. James Tamblyn, who was dancing at Quaglino's in a velvet dress of deep blue with a dull red sash.

IT seems such a pity that Americans who make a point of shopping in London miss a great many of the shops that they would enjoy most if only they knew about them. There are several antique shops just behind Bond Street that sell most entrancing ear-rings, pendants, necklaces, and rings. These are all over a hundred years old, so that they are not dutiable going into America. This kind of jewellery can be picked up very reasonably, and is becoming more and more fashionable. One can buy paste ear-rings for a few pounds, and lovely blue enamelled rings set with diamonds that are almost as perfect as those in the Cluny Museum in Paris.

The Classic Grace of a Modern Dancer

Above and on the left are seen camera studies of Alanova, the well-known dancer, by Yevonde of Victoria Street. They are included in the exhibition in monochrome and colour which opened on Monday at the Albany Gallery and will close on May 7. Alanova will give two special performances at the Savoy Theatre next month, one on the evening of May 4 and one on the afternoon of May 6, supported by Constant Lambert and full Symphony Orchestra

Theatrical Pastiche

Medicine à la Mode

Gladys Cooper, a hypochondriac, enjoying the prescription caviare, champagne, and love-making prescribed by the delightfully naughty doctor, Ronald Squire, in "Doctor Pygall" at the Playhouse, the bright comedy by Hamish

Mannell

Who is it?

Why, that master of disguise, Nelson Keys, as a French son in a new sketch in "Bow Bells" at the London Hippodrome

Sasha

Taking London by Storm

Above: Anny Ahlers, who plays with much success the title rôle in "The Dubarry" at His Majesty's. On the right centre: the sensational scene from the same operette, which depicts a maison tolerée, concerning which there has been considerable discussion and criticism

Les Nuits Du Dubarry Dans Très Méchante Paris

Plays and Personalities in the Public Eye

Lenare

The Grace of Action and the Mould of Form

Alice Nikitina, the beautiful Russian dancer, who is returning to Paris to dance at the Opéra Comique. She will produce two entirely new ballets, details of which are "wropt in mystery." Included in the programmes she will offer to the Paris public will be Diaghileff's "Les Biches" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "La Princesse Gygne"

Paul Tanqueray

Above: Gillian Lind appearing in the new revue, "What You Like," at the Fortune Theatre

Right: Ivor Novello and Ursula Jeans in "I Lived With You" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in which the Russian Princeling causes more than a spot of trouble to suburban souls

Russia Meets Fulham in Coventry Street

Paul Tanqueray

More "Buds" of the Coming Season

Miss Nan McGowan

Miss Anne Vesey

Top left: The débutante daughter of Sir Harry and Lady McGowan, who will be presented by her mother at one of the Courts. Her father is the Chairman and Managing Director of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.

Top right: The daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Osbert and Mrs. Vesey, and a niece of Viscount De Vesci. A dance is being given for her by her mother on May 2

Miss Jasmine Van de Weyer

Miss Joan Farrer

Lower left: Another of this year's débutantes. She is the daughter of Major William John Bates Van de Weyer and the Hon. Mrs. Van de Weyer. She is a niece of Lord Powerscourt, Lady Templemore, and the Hon. Lady Morrison-Bell

Lower right: The second daughter of Captain Denis Herbert Farrer and the Hon. Mrs. Farrer. Miss Joan Farrer is a niece of Lord Redesdale

A Portfolio of Fashion

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

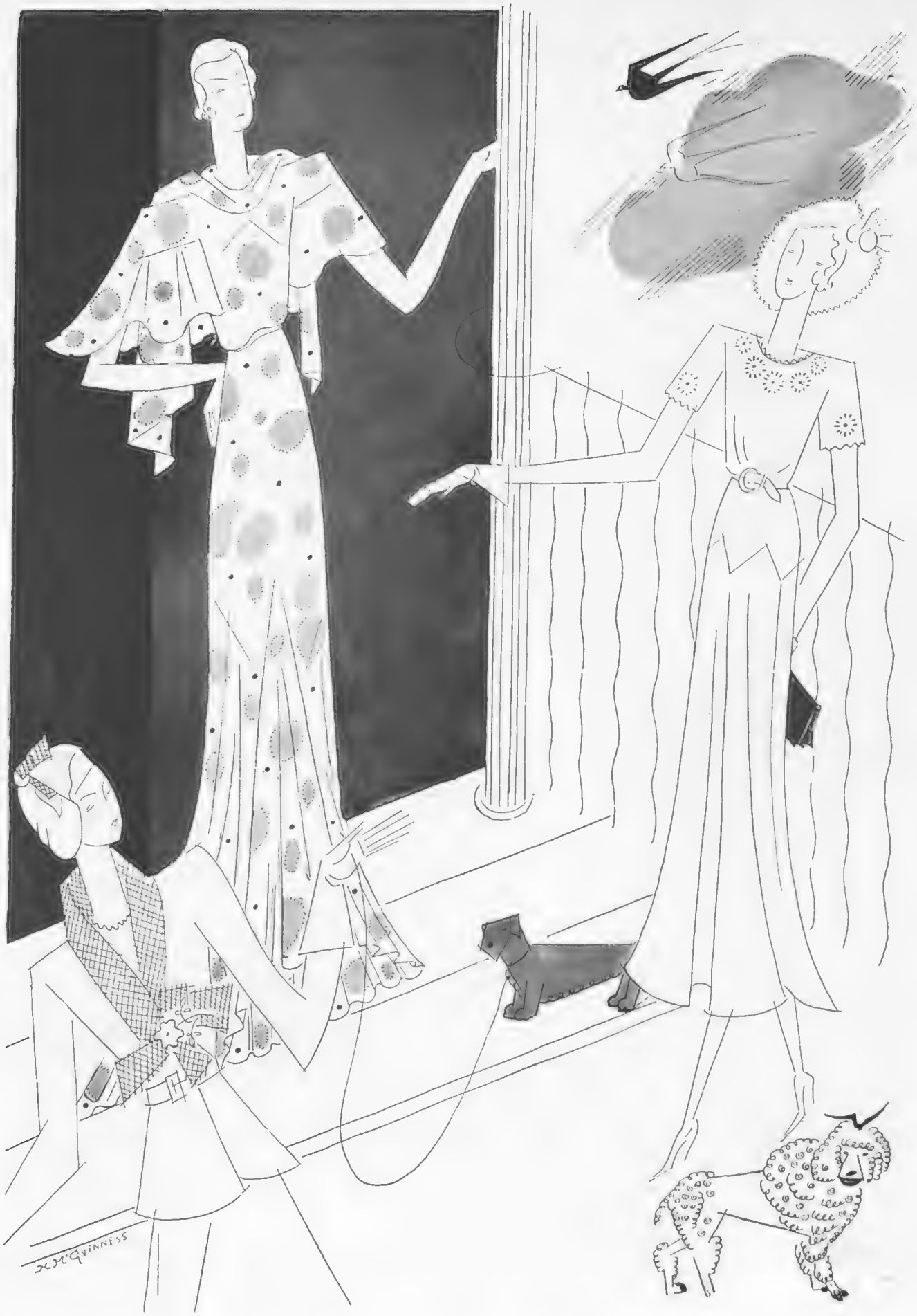
Lady . . Caroline Paget

Shaw Wildman

LADY CAROLINE PAGET is at present staying at her parents' lovely home in Wales, but she will be returning to London at the beginning of May. She is an enthusiastic opera-goer and does not intend to miss many of the promised performances at Covent Garden. She dresses simply and in perfect taste, and is seen here in a charming white tulle gown from Lady Victor Paget, Ltd., which has no trimming other than pleated frills on the shoulders

Shaw Wildman

THE choice of a Court gown for the débutante is fraught with difficulties, for it must be fragile, youthful and yet formal enough for the splendid function it is to grace. Isobel suggests pale pink lace of the most cobwebby variety, very simply draped and with a long train to match. To attach the feathers to a shingled head there is a bandeau of pink sequins which makes a charming frame to a young face. The Maison Ross has designed a delightful gown of blue tulle for the débutante which has frills over each shoulder and immense choux of the tulle on the full skirt. The train is of matching satin, embroidered with silver beads



A JAUNTY béret is always smart for the very young, particularly if it is trimmed with a tiny bow of check material and accompanied by a narrow scarf of the same black and white check material fastened by a bow and a white gardenia. A new idea from Marshall and Snelgrove

A USEFUL gown for the young girl who wants to dine, but perhaps also to dance, is made of patterned chiffon and has an unusual arrangement of draperies which end in two scarves flung over either shoulder, or these may be tied in front. An Augusta-bernard model from Marshall and Snelgrove

BRODERIE anglaise is an old-fashioned form of decoration which has recently returned to favour and is seen at its best on this simple afternoon dress of crêpe-de-Chine, which has no other trimming. This model and the wide-brimmed hat come from Marshall and Snelgrove

NOTHING is prettier than a plain white gown, and this lovely Dormoy model has an amusing little cape to match. The material used is a new heavy crêpe which does not crush and the lines are very youthful and becoming. This model and the spotted chiffon handkerchief come from Harvey Nichols

AN exquisitely fragile dance gown is composed of layer upon layer of tulle, and is trimmed with many bands and bows of narrow matching ribbons. A not very warm but attractive tulle cape accompanies this gown which can be obtained in a range of lovely colours from Gorringe

A charming alternative to jewellery for the débutante is a garland of flowers worn in the manner of a Hawaiian lao. Real flowers fade too quickly to be satisfactory, but a garland of tiny daisies sewn together with yellow beads looks delightful. This and the white beaded bag come from Peter Robinson

"WHAT'S THIS, ARETHUSA?"

THE skipper came out of the chart-room at noon and stood on the little passenger-deck looking round. He knew that part of the coast very well—indeed, he knew it to the point of dislike; it seemed to him that this shuttling back and forth along a route so insignificant in command of a ship so undistinguished was not worthy of his gifts. Yet though he knew exactly what he would see, he looked carefully all round the horizon. The sea was very solid-looking, and was coloured a harsh blue; it was the only real-looking thing in sight, for the islands were dissolved in a pinkish vagueness as intangible as the clouds that hung like steam above them, and even the distant fishing-junks seemed unreal. The skipper breathed a loud sigh through his nose that might be interpreted either as a sniff of contempt or a sigh of despondency. Its emptiness was its most conspicuous furniture, for the two passengers had left the ship at Swatow.

The rattan table just outside the chart-room door seemed poignant as a ragged orphan in the skipper's eyes, for there the two passengers used to sit—one with her unused patience-cards in front of her and the other with her untouched embroidery. On the table was a florid cardboard box that had once held candies. The skipper idly took it up to look at a shiny picture of a bunch of poppies on its lid; something rattled in the box; it was a large forgotten candy, wrapped up in gilt paper.

THE skipper was not long past thirty. He was an over-ambitious, underpaid servant of the sea, a little too young for his job and a little too old for the rootlessness his job involved. The girl-less life he lived made him impersonally, rather than personally, susceptible to the charms of girls. And now this gaudy, empty box—the only trace his passengers had left—touched some impersonally tender spot in him. He was under no illusions about the girls; he knew well that there was not a grain of sense in either of them; they knew nothing—they learned nothing—they read nothing—they heard nothing—they did nothing—almost, they *said* nothing, for they opened their mouths only to utter strange brayings or meaningless slogans. They always reacted vocally to the same circumstances in the same way.

The forgotten candy reminded him of this peculiarity with a particular vividness—for how many times had he heard them from his chart-room, making the facetious sounds that unalterably indicated enjoyment of a candy? The slogan for *candy* was a pretence of being unable to articulate with a mouth so full. "Womp quomp ow bom was-wee," followed by shrieks of laughter. Every candy inspired the same performance. He used to bend over his charts hearing the crackling of a candy being undressed, and listening for the traditional joke to begin. It always did. "Do girls never need a new joke?" thought the skipper.

AND yet this feminine economy, though he had viewed it coldly at the time, now seemed to him pretty and exotic, because his deck was so strangely bare of females. Did the sucking of a candy really affect speech so extravagantly? he wondered, and he undid the gilt paper and put the candy in his mouth, murmuring, "Omp quomp waw wump," in a low experimental voice. The thick, sickly taste gave him a curious feeling of entering in at a door that had been closed to him. This sweet taste was an experience that had been destined to assail the palate of a creature as mythical to him as was a unicorn. Never before had it really occurred to him that there were cavernous, sensitive mouths and swallowing gullets behind the scarlet painted lips of girls. This candy had come in, as it were, at the wrong door—the door of his own body—by mistake, and its taste had brought news of hitherto unknown territories—as a jade figure in our own London drawing-room brings news of dim oriental palaces. The girls had been flat ornaments projected on the air of his deck—now suddenly he knew them as hollow receptacles for emotions and candies. They were even living now—though unseen; they were carrying untouched patience-cards and unfinished cami-knickers about some house in Swatow.

THE skipper sucked the candy with some difficulty—for it was inconveniently large and strained his jaws and his cheeks; he reconstructed the girls with the candy's help. Dot was the pretty one; she had rather a flat, broad face; unpainted, it would have been perhaps a little puddingy, but luckily she always kept it beautifully painted. Her forehead was three-cornered—a swathe of mouse-brown hair swooped down from the powdered right temple to the charcoaled left eye—often obscuring, in fact, part of the eye. The hair was crimped—not at all hair-like in appearance; it was more like the crimped neat sea that supports a painted eighteenth-century battle piece. Hair like this was aptly called "set" hair, the skipper remembered (for in the chart-room or in his cabin he could hear all the time loving, squeaky, ardent conversation about their appearance, their underclothes, their skins, their insides, their itchings, their way of blowing their noses, going on hour by hour between the two extraordinary creatures).

"My *dear*—why didn't you have a good shampoo and set like I did, before starting—your hair 'll look a *sight*, darling, it definitely will."

FOR Bobbie, the other girl, was the plain one—she was almost plain enough to be suspected of being *clever*. She was not up to Dot's little dodges; she was freckled and rather sharp-faced; her hair was not *set*—it blew about as ordinary hair does; the skipper gathered from the shrieks of Dot that the cami-knickers of Bobbie were "too fearfully *pure* for words." Bobbie's shoes, too, were made of mere leather—not eelskin or painted straw or dyed string, or tinsel crochet-work or unborn crocodile, or whatever it was that Dot's infinitely various shoes were made of. Bobbie worshipped Dot and drew constant instruction from her. All these things the skipper remembered with a glamour that did not seem to be accounted for by

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[*All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.*]

LLA
SON

the facts—as one remembers an inexplicably exquisite dream. Now, for the first time, thinking of such things as itchings and cami-knickers, the good young man wondered if he ought to have listened to all this intimate conversation. In the light of the revelation inspired by the candy that might have been on its way to Dot's stomach and *was* on its way to his, he found it was easy to imagine the girls—especially Dot—with nothing on . . . that the pretty line of her neck could be considered as leading down, not to a fluffy collar and a silk dress, but to a body. How could he have helped eavesdropping, though? He was necessarily much in his cabin or chart-room, and they spoke so loudly. This candy was really too big—too big for words (ha-ha—in every sense too big for words)—it seemed to have accurately assumed the shape of the inside of his mouth; it filled every cranny; his tongue was becoming quite cramped, packed away in one corner. The girls knew he was within earshot, he recalled, and they did not seem to mind. Sometimes, as he joined them, they would go on talking—

"But, my dear—I simply couldn't *breathe* if I wore things like that— once I itched like a pig for a whole summer and I put it down to——"

"But, *darling*—how *is* one to keep one's stockings up or one's brassière down. . . . ?" More usually, however, they interrupted themselves when they saw him, and said—he remembered suddenly with a shock of surprise what it was that they almost invariably said when they saw him. "What 's this, Arethusa, sardines *and* soda?" Then they would burst into yells of laughter—often even falling into each other's arms, as though so shaken with amusement as to be unable to stand. What a very odd phrase, thought the skipper. At the time it had simply seemed one inexplicable shriek among many—one fragment of the continuous strange noise these charming deck-ornaments made.

But now they were no longer seen ornaments in his eyes, but imagined human beings in his memory—solid animal structures who might have savoured this candy darkly and invisibly as he was savouring it now—(he began to wish that one of them had—the thing seemed impervious to suction). Now, therefore, he assumed that there must have been some fantastic relevance in that cry—"What 's this, Arethusa, sardines *and* soda?" It could not, after all, have been a spontaneous natural noise like a hiccough, he now for the first time realised; it must have been the result of some activity of the brain—since brains there must have been inside those decorated skulls. Where there is room for such a very large candy in a skull there is also room for a small brain—though not very much room, he thought, trying to shift the monstrous thing from the roof of his mouth, where it clung like a stalactite to his cheek, which it distended like a gumboil. "What 's this, Arethusa, sardines *and* soda?"

His bulging lips tried in vain to compass the phrase; what could it mean? At any rate, it was not meant offensively. Hitherto, the skipper's simple experience had shown him that unmarried personable young girls never meant to offend unmarried personable young men. No, they were kind girls, Dot and Bobbie—a little feather-witted, perhaps, but really kind. Look how fond they were of each other—how inseparable—how often they hugged each other—look how generous they had been with their offers of sweets to everybody—even to the old Chinese boatswain (they had been given eleven boxes of sweets between them on leaving Hong Kong)—no, obviously they were good-hearted girls, not catty as girls are often thought to be. As he thought this another numb spot in his memory tingled to life, and he heard again the cheeky, sharp timbre of Bobbie's voice, "What 's this, Arethusa?" and then the inevitable shrill duet—"Sardines *and* soda?" On second thoughts he wasn't so sure of Bobbie. She had too long a nose, and her eyelashes were too light; she had, the skipper now thought, perhaps a touch of shrewishness in her nature. If it were she who had evolved that witless phrase to conceal a mysterious meaning, perhaps the meaning had a sting to it, after all. The skipper's memories of his vivacious passengers were becoming faintly poisoned by the present nuisance of the candy in his mouth.

IRRITATION with the passengers' sweet legacy was making him more and more sure that the passengers themselves had not been so sweet as they had seemed. Bobbie especially was a malicious girl, he now decided, and no doubt her influence had a sharpening effect on the softer Dot. Now he came to think of it—how could an obviously ribald phrase like "Sardines *and* soda," accompanied by such extravagant screams of laughter, have a really innocuous meaning?

Perhaps the silly creatures thought he was like a sardine in appearance—though why—since sardines are always headless? And why soda? Could they possibly be making fun of his impulsive, shy, rather popping way of talking? Surely that was all too far-fetched—much more likely that they were mocking at the ship he commanded. Certainly there had been tinned fish for dinner three nights running—what else could the chief steward do; the compradore had let the company down as usual.

And soda—could this be an indirect reproach to himself and the chief officer for never having offered the girls cocktails while on board? Modern girls, according to the newspapers, simply *lived* on cocktails.

"That 's what 's wrong," thought the skipper. "They were Modern Girls—the kind the papers talk so much about—the kind that live on cocktails and candies dragged out of hard-up young chaps."

The skipper wrenched his teeth apart; they were cemented together by the sweet glue.

"How this damn thing *cloys!*" he thought, and the word seemed to him extraordinarily apt—gluey—cling—clay—cloy. . . . This sweet was too horrible. He would have given five dollars for an empty mouth and a clean "Gold Flake" cigarette sticking out of it. Girls were a nuisance from first to last. That couple—Dot and Bobbie—had made themselves a nuisance even before they arrived—messengers had been bringing presents of messy flowers and boxes of candy on board in Hong Kong for hours before the girls showed up themselves. They were a nuisance after they had left—leaving their disgusting sweets about the deck of a decent ship. And all the time they had been on board they had been a nuisance—mocking at him—mocking at the ship—mocking at the fare provided. . . . "What 's this, Arethusa—sardines *and* soda?"—the half-witted, ill-mannered, spiteful little bitches!

HE opened his mouth to rehearse in a low voice a piece of withering sarcasm. "Now look here, young women——" But a glutinous film of candy shackled his lips together and a smothered bubbling sound was all that resulted. Curse the women! They might even now be saying, "I wonder if the poor sap ever found that ghastly candy—oh! my dear—*think*

(*Continued on page* 194)

BY F. G. LODGE

A QUIET BACKWATER IN WESTMINSTER

An impression by F. G. Lodge of Queen Anne's Gate, looking West. Although offices occupy many of the houses, this delightfully secluded corner of London still counts among its inhabitants many well-known people, including the Marquess of Bute, Lord Riddell, Lord Merthyr, Lady Assheton-Smith and Lady Mildred Cooke

BOOKS OF THE DAY

A Batch of NOVELS

By "Junius"

YOU will find *The Life and Adventures of Aloysius O'Callaghan* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Thomas Washington-Metcalfe, quite outside the usual kind of novel. It is a brilliant mixture of reality and extravagance. In fact, if the author had not a talent particularly his own—a talent quite new in novel-writing—when he disposes of characters for whom he has no longer any use, you would be reminded of the Queen in *Alice in Wonderland*, and her "Off with his head!"

But Mr. Washington-Metcalfe has what the Irish call "a way with him." The hero's mother and father, both drunk, fall into a river and are drowned. Then comes an amazing experience for the boy, Aloysius,—a cannibal island and the steaming leg of a horrible ship's cook offered up as a sacrifice on a cannibal altar. From the cannibal island to South America is a mere nothing in the author's stride. You even accept the ship which picks up Aloysius, and, like the boy, you don't turn a hair when you learn that amongst the passengers are the freaks of Colonel Chawner's Dime Museum. From here, the author scatters death. The Bearded Lady is drowned. In South America a redundant husband and wife perish through eating bad oysters. Yet in spite of this holocaust you believe Mr. Washington-Metcalfe, because, as I have said, he has "a way with him."

You might laugh at such a work, but his is a curious and unusual book. He may, whenever his characters become useless to his story, get rid of them by deaths varying from comfortable to extremely painful. But you accept it all, because behind the extravagance there is deep understanding of human nature.

IN *Naomi's Child* (Jarrold; 7*s.* 6*d.*) Miss Henrietta Leslie has gone back to the story of the hen which hatched a duckling. Naomi married Walter Horne, a retired sailor-turned-farmer. Their son, born many years after marriage, inherited his father's love of the sea. With this, to Naomi's distress and anger, the boy had an obsession for music. Here comes in the old story—the amazed, protesting hen-mother and the duckling.

Naomi, guided by her narrow limitations, fought against every indication of her son's genius. But that genius was stronger than her limitations. In spite of his mother, Roger goes out into the world and makes a place for himself and his music. He goes from triumph to triumph, and then falls in love. Finding that his wonderful lady, who belongs to a world of which he has no knowledge, has been another man's mistress, he goes back to the sea and his mother.

In fiction, this is a cliché, but not in the fiction Miss Leslie has written, and can write. Musical geniuses, we know, are temperamental and do odd things; but, cleverly as the characters of Naomi and her son are drawn, you feel that the ending of the story is arbitrary, and not what would have happened in real life.

And what do we expect from novels except actuality and life?

Hughes

Miss Henrietta Leslie

Whose new novel, "Naomi's Child," is published by Jarrold's at 7s. 6d. It is reviewed by "Junius" on this page

FOR the last hundred years there have been parodies on the usual hectic stories of crime. Take the old ballad, for instance, "The Villain Still Pursued Her"—as comprehensive of evil men's pursuit of guileless woman as a modern "all in" insurance policy.

Perhaps we have been taking our modern detective thrillers too seriously to think of them being parodied, but in *Fortune Favours Fools* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Ralph Arnold, you have a perfect parody of the detective story. It may seem unfair after a real enjoyment of the book and its unexpected humour to sound an adverse note, but it is Mr. Arnold's fault. The fool of his story is one Clive Swynderby. Such a fool that he is diddled by everybody, even to the loss of his trousers. Swynderby tells the story. But as Swynderby—he being a Simple Simon—he tells it far too well. On Mr. Arnold's own showing, the man is not sufficiently intelligent to write as he does. That is Mr. Arnold's mistake. If he, as author, had told the story, using Swynderby as his puppet, the book would have been far more entertaining. It is very amusing as it stands, but you have to read several chapters before you realise that Swynderby is the perfect ass drawn by Mr. Arnold.

MR. VICTOR BRIDGES has the happy gift of making you believe that his stories are true. You could sit and say that it would be impossible for a young artist, living in Chelsea, to kick an ex-convict in the stomach and hit him on the jaw when the said ex-convict was about to beat the artist's model in a house in Paddington which had a garden running down to a canal. But Mr. Bridges' hero in *The Happy Murderers* (Hodder and Stoughton; 7*s.* 6*d.*) did the deed. And more than that, when he found the man was dead, he picked him up on his shoulders and dropped him into the canal. That was the end of that gentleman—a fate thoroughly deserved, of great advantage to the State, and a thrilling opening for one of Mr. Bridges' most exciting stories.

From London Mr. Bridges takes his hero and heroine to a desolate place, Fenwell, in Suffolk, in search of a valuable necklace. At Fenwell you have yachts, mud, and one of the most intriguing adventures with a master-criminal you have ever read.

"THE Man with a Weak Heart" (Sampson Low; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Gordon Gardiner, is an unusual story of adventure. Ian Fenton, the son of a wealthy mother, has valvular lesion of the heart—nothing serious, but enough in the mother's opinion, to condemn him to a life of "taking care." Until Fenton arrives in South America you do not find him a particularly interesting young man. He is too overshadowed by his mother. In fact, he seems to have no personality of his own until he becomes involved in a local revolution. Then he proves that whatever may be the physical condition of his heart, morally it is courageous, for at the risk of his life he ventures into the very hotbed of the revolution to redeem a promise made to an Englishman.

The exciting incidents in South America are described with vigour, the local colour is admirably done; but I must confess that the story leaves one with a feeling of incompleteness. Perhaps it is because the author has laid too much stress on Ian Fenton's weak heart. However, the book is worth reading for the South American incidents alone.

THE reproductions of the old original wood-cuts give the colour of the period to *The Newgate Calendar* (Werner Laurie; 8*s.* 6*d.*), that mine of eighteenth-century criminology. This new issue has "the genuine and circumstantial narrative" of the crimes and executions of malefactors, who fell "a sacrifice to the laws of their country." For the most part, these criminals were amazingly clumsy in their methods, but this republication of the old book throws an interesting light on old legal procedure and the hideous callousness with which the eighteenth-century public regarded executions.

In 1753 a woman was burnt alive at Gloucester for murdering her husband; thirty years earlier a woman was strangled and burnt at Tyburn for coining.

The New Plays: Religious, Romantic and Vile Bodies

"The Miracle" at the Lyceum: "The Dubarry" at His Majesty's: "Vile Bodies" at the Vaudeville

"The Miracle"

It was dark, it was hot, but there was no smell of incense. No moon-faced Nun handed you a programme; no sturdy Abbot tolled the rise of the curtain from the foyer. (There was, of course, no curtain to rise, the stage being dimly revealed, the Madonna in her place, the stained-glass windows faintly glowing). Illusion needed no further camouflage. The hidden organ; the Gothic masonry hiding the boxes; the translation of the orchestra (complete with choir) from earthly realms to the gods—the transformation sufficed.

It worked well—not for the first time. We, who assembled as an audience and sat down as a congregation, had done our bit of acting before. As jurors at *The Trial of Mary Dugan*; as silent yodellers at *White Horse Inn*. The Lyceum is a Cathedral, Reinhardt's in his heaven, all 's well with the world.

The spectacular sequel is a terrific emotional pastiche. Interest quickens and recedes, now aloof at the religious ritual, solemn and slow-moving; now faintly embarrassed by the fervour of stage worship; now caught up in such a spiritual crescendo as thrills the crowd when the cripple gives ecstatic thanks for a miraculous cure. How say Bravo, when Amen is on the tip of the tongue? The velvet-cloaked Abbess (Maud Allan) suggests some Hollywood nunnery; the fluttering Nuns recall Father Cochran's Young Ladies; the irreverent thought persists that from that cloistered niche where choristers chant their praises the voice of George Jackley once breathed o'er that Eden that was *Robinson Crusoe*. A wayward, illogical sprite, Illusion.

In the change from the processional ecstasy of the Cathedral to the whirl of Russianesque ballet, the stone-masons and the window-dressing are forgotten. The Sacred held a mixed spell—half altar and half auditorium; the profane is all theatre. And what a sensuous riot of colour and feverish imagining it is. Poor outcast young Nun, replaced as Sacristan by the Madonna, from whose arms she snatched the Holy Child! Tricked by the Spielmann, carried off into a living forest by a knight in armour; dragged from her lover's corpse by a robber Baron to a Bacchanalian feast; led to a mock-bridal bed by a sinister Prince; rescued by a demented king; crowned with grotesque ceremony as his Queen; tried, and half-crucified as a witch, death is her only happiness. She returns to the Cathedral after seven years and offers her dead child in expiation. The compassionate Madonna returns to her pedestal.

The Reinhardt-Massine-Vollmoeller-Humperdinck-Strnad-Messel combine is amalgamation run riot. Diana Manners is a marvel of spiritual beauty and immobility. Massine's Spielmann is finely mimed and danced. Glen Byam Shaw, Ivan Brandt, Dennis Wyndham, and Lyn Harding play their pantomimic parts with compelling significance. The pagan pageantry of banquet hall, bedroom, coronation, and Inquisition composes a sensuous nightmare of macabre beauty. One slim and lovely figure dominates the medley of Pure Souls and Vile Bodies. Tilly Losch, as the Young Nun, now reveals beyond the ethereal qualities of her dancing those spiritual depths only touched by the plummet of tragedy. Her performance is a profoundly lovely miracle in itself. A Kolossal evening which connoisseurs of beauty and emotion must not miss.

"Vile Bodies"

Keep calm, Mrs. Grundy, the Censor has neither slumbered nor slept. There are cocktails galore and champagne by the half-dozen, a couple of "bl—ies," five hundred "My sweets," and about a thousand "Darlings." But apart from a spot of gambling, horse-play and bad manners, the flippant Blah and Blither of the Bright Young Decadents is not too shame-making for the Victorian conscience. Even the morning-after-the-seduction episode where Adam, the poor feckless young drifter, so understandingly played by Robert Douglas, and Nina (with quite a nice sentimental side to her which Eileen Peel most sympathetically reveals) meet a comic waiter at breakfast in a country inn, is tactfully reticent; while a commentator in harlequin attire has been introduced to explain the plot and make it clear that there is a moral to this charade which begins with (but loses track of) Mrs. Ape and her hot-gospelling angels; wanders through a shady hotel, a country-mansion, a smart-set party, whence a gate-crashing paragraphist in a false beard retires to commit suicide; a motor race in Italy and its sequel, the nursing home where gramophone and cocktails and her noisy friends hasten the scatter-brained Angela to a moving death; and ends on a battle-field, where Adam perishes, and allegory, rather awkwardly, rings down the curtain.

Mr. H. Dennis Bradley has made a first-rate job of adapting Evelyn Waugh's episodic novel into the semblance of a play. The stalls will wallow in its acid wit and deliberate distortion.

The cast is too long to individualise. But bouquets are due to producer Athole Stewart's brilliant sketch of a ga-ga, film-struck Colonel; Nadine Marsh's Chastity; Helen Spencer's death scene; Ruth Maitland's hotel proprietress; Aubrey Dexter's drunken Major, and P. Kynaston Reeves's Captain "Ginger" Littlejohn, a glorious caricature of Sandhurst and India.

"The Dubarry"

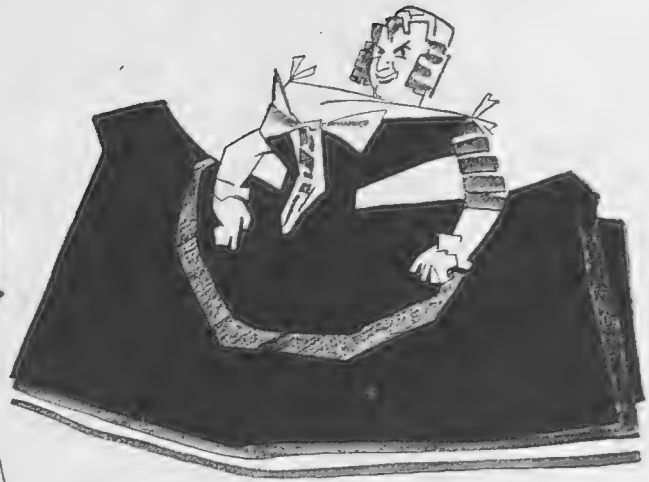
"Just one more chance" pleads History. What a hope! That sob-stuffed siren, Romance, brandishing rose-coloured spectacles, humming the refrain of a waltz tune, turns a deaf ear. To blazes with facts, on with the song and sentiment.

There is no via sordida for the Dubarry at His Majesty's—if you except that restrained orgy of buxom limbs chez Madame Sauterelle—and, needless to add, no guillotine. (No heroine could be expected to reprise the theme song with one foot in the tumbril). This tit-bit of Folies-Bérgèredom makes amends for the longeurs of the stop-gap scene in front of it, where bibulous gallants sing and gossip round the Comte's table. From Mme. Labille's hat shop (the Aubrey Hammond scenery gives even a workroom the air of a grand salon), to a garret shared in sin and song with a tenor-poet (Heddle Nash sings his bonne-bouche superbly), and thence to the Comte's Boudoir and the King's ante-room, the Courtesan's progress is not a whit too wanton for the romanticists. In fact, her surrender to Comte and King is, considering the depravity of the times, positively pure; and her alfresco entertainment in the King's honour is as virginal as Mimi Crawford's white ballet skirt. Thus does the historical pill go down without a splutter. Taken with a low brow after the evening meal the dose is guaranteed to move the fans to frenzy.

Anny Ahlers will see to that. This restless red-headed speaker of leetle English sings superlatively and acts with the verve of forty furies. Motion and emotion are flung at us with unerring aim and abandon. United we fall, prostrate we cheer. Carl Millocker's music, calls loudly for the gramophone and the reprise. There are suave interpolations of nice acting by Helen Haye, C. M. Hallard, and Lawrence Anderson (Louis XV.), and a neat "double" by Margaret Yarde. Clarice Hardwicke and Charles Heslop work wonders with the conventional comic relief.

Trinculo.

Rene Lavallery (Heddle Nash), not grinding his teeth, but singing sweetly and acting as tenors often act



Madame Sauterelle (Margaret Yarde), gets the measurement of all her manifold material

THE DUBARRY

AT HIS MAJESTY'S

This historical operette by Paul Knepler and J. M. Willeminski, with music by Carl Millocker, in addition to its tunefulness, gives a picture of the Court of Louis XV. which is a feast for the eye, and in which a newcomer to the English stage, Anny Ahlers, in the principal part, has made a big success

When Jeanne (Anny Ahlers) goes all "Dietrich," Comte Dubarry (Edmund Willard), gets a shock

Louis XV. (Lawrence Anderson), looking every inch a Royal King

Marquis de la Marche (Charles Heslop) and Margot (Clarice Hardwicke) supplying comic relief

KEN

An Air Race at Cruising Speed

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Colonel the Master of Sempill, who has been running National Flying Services for some time now. He is one of the best-known amongst flying people, an able pilot of land machines and seaplanes, an engineer, and a master of the art of propaganda, which he uses to advantage for British aviation

Ideas from Private Owners

As a result of our invitation to publish ideas for a new kind of air race to be flown at cruising speeds, a number of useful suggestions have been made, of which those from Miss Joy Muntz and Flight-Lt. R. E. H. Allen are the most practical. Each visualises a reliability trial run on similar lines to those in vogue for motoring trials, the exact course to be secret until a short period before the start, though the actual stopping places would be published in advance, with the general conditions governing the contest. Miss Muntz thinks that the basis for a handicap should be average air-speed; whereas Flight-Lt. Allen has worked out a scheme in full, based on a ground speed of 80 per cent. of the maximum speed at which each machine can fly. Judgment in landing being so essential to the making of a good pilot, Flight-Lt. Allen has insisted that there should be a number of halts en route, of fixed duration, each landing to be made across the circle without an excessive run. Each competitor would be allotted a predetermined petrol consumption for his engine, and marks would be lost for additional consumption, for differences in landing time at each stop, and for bad landings. Lack of space prevents me from giving the conditions in full, but any of the clubs which are interested on the organisation side, should get in touch with Flight-Lt. Allen at Hanworth Aerodrome.

Learn at Lympne

THERE are many advantages in learning to fly at Lympne, which is the headquarters of the Cinque Ports Club, now managed and maintained by the Brooklands Aviation Company. To begin with, instruction has remained at subsidised rates, £2 per hour, and solo flying can be indulged in for 30s. an hour. Country membership is available to all private owners for a modest guinea a year, and this includes absolution from the Air Ministry's landing fee, and entitles the owner to house his machine for 1s. 6d. a night. There is a pleasant atmosphere about the Club at Lympne which is not easy to define. Perhaps this has something to do with its situation, and no doubt the sea air, the rolling Downs, the sight of interesting machines from foreign parts, and the cheery Club spirit which has been cultivated at the Cinque Ports, are all factors which account for its popularity.

Lunching at Heston: Mrs. Nigel Norman on the left, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Jnr., and Miss Rosalind Norman. Mrs. Norman is a sister of the Misses Sheila and Dodo Annesley. Her husband is the eldest son of Sir Henry Norman and a director of the Company which owns and operates Heston Air-port, where so many private owners keep their machines

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce on the club verandah at Hanworth Park. She is busy preparing for her endurance flight, which is due to start in June, and will be accompanied by her husband as relief pilot

With a Moth Abroad

MY impression of New Guinea, from a glance at the map and the memory of some travellers' tales, is that of a mountainous country, inhabited by unprincipled savages. Captain G. I. Thomson, one of Imperial Airways' pilots, flew a Handley Page for the local gold-mining company some years ago, and the service which he started is now operated regularly from coast to coast over the centre of the island. Flying over the same route every day in big multi-engined machines must be simpler than pottering about unmapped parts of the country by Moth, so that the experiences of at least one private owner in that Far Eastern island are worth recording. I refer to Captain L. C. Shoppee, who has been flying a Gipsy Moth in New Guinea for the past two years, during which time he has covered nearly 100,000 miles without a forced landing, or serious trouble of any kind. The machine and engine have had to endure great heat and torrential rain, and their immunity from trouble is a great tribute to the general utility of the British light plane. One great advantage of the Moth is the simplicity of its construction. I saw one at Stag Lane the other day, the whole of which, including the engine, had been built by pupils from the de H. Technical School, every part being fashioned by hand from the raw material.

Flying for the Navy

THE flying club formed for Naval officers, with headquarters at Hanworth Park and an active branch at Hamble, has gained in a few months over 200 members, three of whom are flying in the race for the King's Cup with their own machines. Rear-Admiral Drax, C.B., D.S.O., having been appointed C.-in-C. of the America and West Indies Station, has handed over the Chairman's post on the Committee to Rear-Admiral A. L. Snagge. The Club hopes to establish private flying facilities for Naval officers at all permanent stations at home and abroad. With the notable exception of the Singapore Club, no other private flying organisation has made use of seaplanes, and one hopes that the Navy will develop what should be a typically British type for club and sporting purposes. All our light 'planes perform equally well on floats, but as seaplanes, they are more expensive to buy and motor-boats are necessary for their operation, against which their "aerodrome," the sea, a river or lake, costs nothing.

The Youngest of the Moderns

The
SHEILA CHARLES
EXHIBITION
at 23, Cork Street, W.1.

Below: Sheila Charles standing before her picture "Spanish Dance"

"RACE DAY"

Above: "IN THE SUMMER BREEZE"

Left: "THE FLOWER DANCE"

When first one sees the paintings of Sheila Charles one immediately thinks of her as a worthy contemporary of the Moderns, her design being faultless and colour wonderfully stimulating. Her painting suggests in every way joy and charm, this latter fact is perhaps not being so remarkable as the fine ability and construction shown in her work when one considers the artist's age. Only thirteen years old, she has never attended Art Schools, though she admits being moved by the Early Italian School and thinks El Greco a modern. Hers is certainly a very original personality.

F. G. L. Fairlie on GOLF:

The "Surrey" Amateur Championship

Capt. Douglas Fish (Addington) beaten by W. L. Hope (St. George's Hill) in the Surrey County Golf Union Amateur Championships

THE Amateur Championship of Surrey has just been concluded on the excellent course of the Addington Club, near Croydon. It has been won by a Canadian who defeated a Scotsman in the final round by one hole.

Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley (Addington) winner of the Surrey County Golf Union Amateur Championships, with his opponent in the final, Major S. K. Thorburn (Sunningdale) whom he defeated by 4 and 3

I cannot help feeling that there is something a little wrong in this fact. One has only to look back the few years that the Surrey Amateur Championship has been in existence, to find that it has also been won by a Scotsman, an Irishman, and a Californian. One has also only to look at the list of Surrey players when a county match is played, to find that many of those on the Surrey side are not only qualified to play against England, but actually have done so for Scotland or Ireland in the very recent past, and are more than likely to do so again in the very near future. This, to me, seems a very odd circumstance. Surrey is, after all, an English county; Surrey conjures up in my mind green fields (when we are allowed a summer) and typically English countryside; Surrey boasts of many excellent golf courses and of much Surrey individuality. Surely with all this Surrey could keep her championship to herself.

I MUST not be considered to infer by these remarks that I am criticising Surrey in particular. I am not, for everything that I have said applies to nearly every other county team. And I must not be understood to be criticising the Surrey Union for choosing these "foreigners" to play for the county in matches. Indeed, I would think the Surrey selectors foolish, as the rules stand at the moment, if they did not make use of them. But I do not think that the rules should permit of their selection. It must not be forgotten that, when the Surrey Amateur Championship was first instituted, the rules were so framed that Sir Ernest Holderness, owing to his birth in India, found himself unable to compete. This, in view of the fact that Sir Ernest is English and Surrey, was extremely stupid, and all this was soon altered. But to my mind, the farcical situation which then arose was no more farcical than the present one.

It seems to me absurd for men who may play against England to be the champions of an English county.

HAVING now successfully got rid of my grouse, I must refer to the individuals of the championship itself, disregarding all that I have written up to now. After all, rules are as they are, and competitions must be played accordingly.

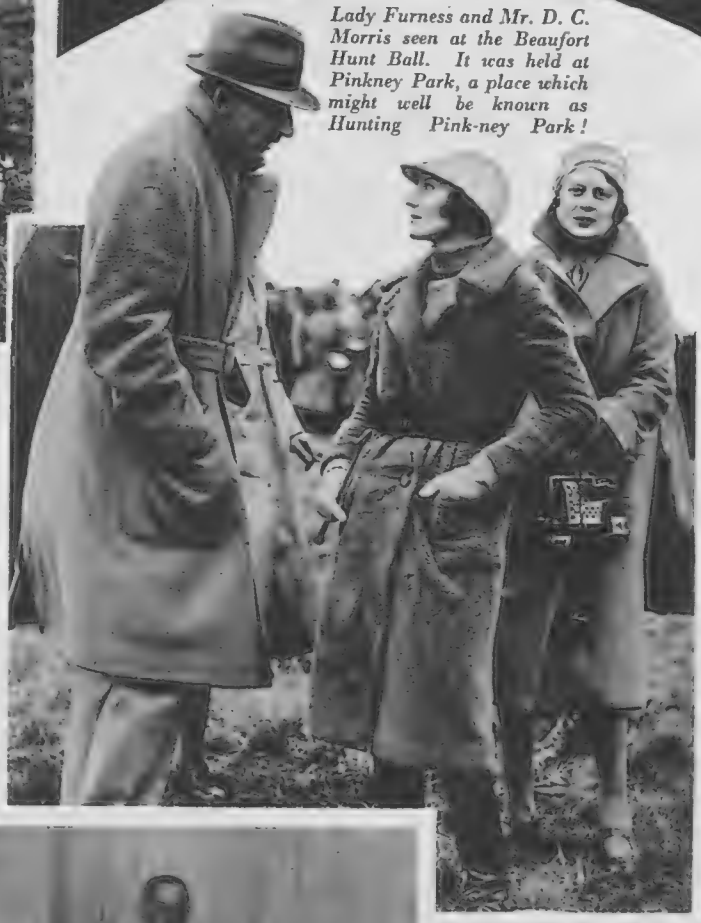
The result of the Surrey Amateur Championship of 1932 has been the triumph of a man who knows the value of practice. Latent ability has certainly always been with General Critchley, although it must be admitted that his natural style is not so evident as in the cases of some of those whom he beat, notably that of the runner-up. But Critchley was not satisfied with his golf, and when Critchley is dissatisfied with something, he sets to work and becomes satisfied with it. I do not wish to infer that he is now satisfied with his golf; from what I know of him I should think that is very far from being the case. Critchley, should he win the American and British Amateur and Open Championships all in one year, would still be unsatisfied and would still practise putting and the rest of his game daily while he was playing golf—and he would be right. For there is no mistress who claims such constant attention as does this game of ours. But this victory is a triumph for Critchley,

Left: Major-Gen. Sir Colin Mackenzie, who won the Generals Cup at the Army Championship at Hoylake. Right: Lieut. P. D. Miller (Grenadier Guards) who with a score of 163 was sixth in the Army Championship. Three tied for first place

a triumph also for the value of practice, and a lesson to golfers. Ability is with a great many British golfers, but to win a championship in the face of American opposition, ability must be allied to practice. Tommy Armour is a case in point. He was a Scottish amateur just after the war. A good one; but certainly no one would have thought that he could win in a few short years the Open Championship of America. Tommy Armour, nevertheless, has done it; and he did it by learning his golf in the ordinary way, and then learning to practice.

Sporting Occasions

Lady Furness and Mr. D. C. Morris seen at the Beaufort Hunt Ball. It was held at Pinkney Park, a place which might well be known as Hunting Pink-ney Park!



The Cheerful Spirit

Mrs. Lister, Miss Mann and Miss King-Turner looking anything but gloomy at the Pony Club (Old Berkshire Branch) Hunter Trials at Middle Leaze Farm, Coleshill

Left: Now Spring is here warm coats appear! Lady Priscilla Willoughby and the Countess of Kimberley braving the unseasonable blasts at the Quorn Hunt's 'Chases at Loughboro'

The Rigours of Spring!

Above: Lord Grimthorpe chatting with the Hon. Mrs. E. Greenall, who finished second in the Bedale Hunt's Point-to-Point. On the right is seen Mrs. Gordon Foster

Left: A supper party at the New Forest Hunt Ball at Brockenhurst. The group seen above includes Capt. and Mrs. Cecil Sutton, Messrs. Noel and Owen Sutton, Mr. George Belgrave and Mrs. V. Watney

Sport with the Lid

Heine Muller, the German heavyweight champion, who fought that plucky South African, Don McCorkindale, at the Albert Hall last week. The latter won a not too thrilling fight on points

The Hon David Tennant (centre) and Sir Oswald Mosley, who are staging a series of fencing bouts at the Gargoyle Club. Sir Oswald is an expert with both foil and epée

Left:
Surrey cricketers get busy. Barling batting and Brooks keeping wicket during net practice at the Oval

"Feet, Forwards! Feet!"

Dr. R. Cove-Smith, the famous Rugger International, has trained his Sealyham puppy, "Binks," in the difficult art of dribbling. Above is seen the unusual feat—and feet—being performed by his pupil

CRICKET is very much to the fore at the moment. To-morrow the British Sportsman's Club entertain the Indian cricketers to luncheon, and on Saturday the cricket season proper opens in London with county matches at both Lord's and the Oval.

THE British Sportsman's Club is a good institution. It was founded three or four years ago with the primary object of giving hospitality to athletes and sportsmen of all kinds visiting this country. The headquarters of the Club, which is purely a luncheon club, are at the Savoy Hotel; Lord Lonsdale is the President, and on the committee most forms of sport are represented, for among its members are such well-known sportsmen as Lord Aberdare, Lord Burghley, Wing-Commander Louis Greig, Capt. V. A. Cazalet, Earl Howe, and Mr. R. H. Wethered.

THERE will, I gather, be a very representative assembly of members to welcome the Indian cricketers.

While we are on this subject, it is easy to understand K. S. Duleepsinhji's alleged unwillingness to play for England against India in the Test Match at Lord's. It would, as a matter of fact, be extremely interesting if he and the Nawab of Pataudi turned out for India, and I wish this could be arranged, if only as an additional trial of strength for the English attack.

I always like to hear Duleepsinhji discussing cricket, for he studies the game very closely. He has a considerable respect for modern spin bowling, although his uncle, the famous Ranji, disagrees with him completely, and thinks that our batsmen treat the slow merchants with exaggerated respect. But then, as Duleepsinhji respectfully points out, spin bowling has developed a great deal since Ranji's time, though no doubt Ranji himself, with his quick eye and supple wrist, would very quickly find a way to deal with it.

DULEEPSINHJI believes that it will take him another five years to become a really complete batsman, by which you may see that he sets a high standard! That is why he revels in Test Match cricket, for there he meets the best bowlers, whereas he maintains, not with conceit but perfectly modestly, that there is only one bowler in England who can hope to get him out when he chooses to play carefully. Perhaps it would not be fair to name this bowler—he is a young county player—but he is always put on when Duleepsinhji comes in, and generally taken off when he has bowled him, as he invariably does! Still, it is comforting to know that Duleepsinhji, again modestly, would back himself to bat all day against Grimmett, and I hope he will do so more than once in Australia next winter.

THEY tell me, by the way, that the Australians have unearthed a left-hand googlie bowler, which sounds horrible, and that he is going over to Canada this summer with Arthur Mailey, who will surely teach him all there is to know about spinning the ball to good effect.

WITH the opening of the cricket season we really reach a turning point in the sporting year. On Saturday, for example, fox hunting ends, and the following months illustrate Mr. Jorrocks' perfect paradox. "In the summer," said Mr. Jorrocks, as you may remember, "I loves the fox with all the hardour

Off *A Fair, Frank and Free Commentary*

By "Mark Over"

of affection; not an 'air of his beautiful 'ead would I hurt . . . but when the hautumn comes, then, dash my vig, 'ow I glories in pursuin' of him to destruction, and holdin' him above the bayin' pack!"

THEN on Monday, the Polo season opens, and we can happily anticipate days at Hurlingham and Ranelagh. Finally, to end this chatter of seasons, Association football now comes to a close; and not an altogether happy close at that. The trouble between Chelsea and so famous a player as Alex Jackson leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth.

Courts and Trials

Above left: F. J. Perry and H. F. David, who met in the International Lawn Tennis Trials on the hard courts at Queen's Club. Rain interfered with their match, which had to be started twice, Perry finally winning by 7—5, 6—2, 9—7

Victorious McCorkindale

Don McCorkindale, who was called upon at the last minute to deputise for Larry Gains in his fight with Heine Muller at the Albert Hall, more than justified his selection by beating the German champion on points

Greyhounds and Health

The Greyhound Racing Association have opened a surgery at their "country house" at Northaw, and the resident veterinary surgeon is seen above examining the teeth of one of his patients. The lady in question is "Drizzle," the champion bitch of the country, who has many big victories to her credit, including last year's "Oaks"

I have no doubt that Chelsea are perfectly justified in putting Jackson on the transfer list, for they would not lightly dispense with his services, since they themselves paid a £7500 transfer fee when they acquired his services.

PERHAPS Jackson will find a billet in France, and this French menace, of which I wrote last week, is proving more serious than many people imagined.

In my opinion outstanding professional footballers in this country will have to be better paid, though I know the authorities are strongly opposed to any increase in the maximum wages. Still, does it seem fair to restrict a man like Alec James to £386 a year, when thousands of people only attend matches in order to watch him play?

THERE is trouble, too, in the Rugby football world. It is not, perhaps, at present very serious, and it may be smoothed over, but the fact remains that New Zealand have rejected a proposal that they should join an Imperial Rugby Football Commission. The New Zealand Union feel very definitely that New Zealand should be given a seat on the supreme body of control, and here I am entirely with them. The truth is that Rugby football has outgrown its system of government, and there is no central authority with absolute powers as a final Court of Appeal.

I HAVE no space to go fully into the matter here, but the sooner the government of the game is re-organised, and the Dominions are given full representation, the better it will be for all concerned.

As it happens, things are not entirely happy in New Zealand, where the authorities are not exactly popular with the best type of players. I must say, too, that I think it is very unfortunate that the New Zealand Union should have sanctioned the principle of substitution when a player is injured. This principle is entirely foreign to the spirit of the game, and lays itself open to serious abuse. It is precisely to check developments of this sort that a central governing authority for Rugby football is required.

NOWADAYS the daily press devotes considerable attention to lawn tennis and much of it—with some notable exceptions—is either sensational or ill-informed. I learnt from a daily paper recently that three young players, Miss Stammers, Miss Hewett, and Miss Scriven, were being invited by the L.T.A. selection committee to play in the June trials for the Wightman Cup. When I say that this committee has not yet met, and will not meet for some time, you can see for yourselves that the anticipation may be intelligent but is entirely unofficial, uncalled for, and unfair to those mentioned.

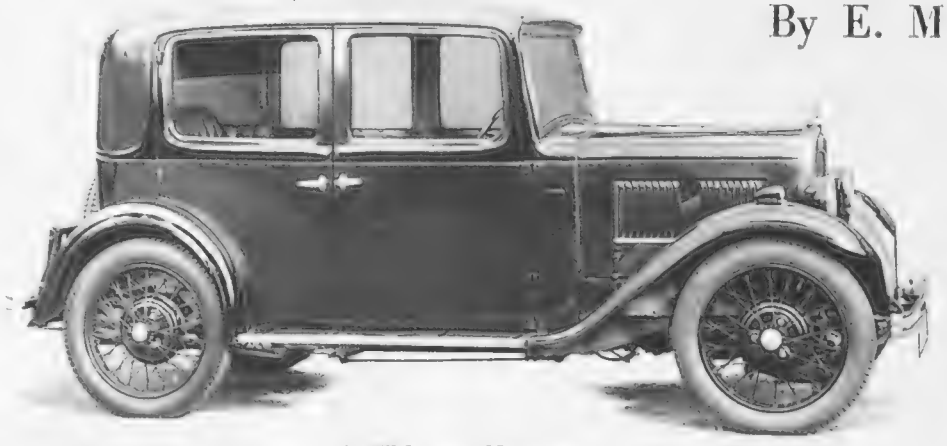
Motoring Notes

Sir Herbert's Bigger Baby

The New Austin "Ten-Four" Leaves its Cradle

By E. M. Wright

ONE of the most remarkable features of motor-car design during the past twelve months has been the readiness with which British motor manufacturers have adjusted their ideas to changed times. We all have had to pull in our belts, and to meet insistent demands for more economical motoring, British manufacturers have evolved what is practically a new type of car. Tens there have always been, but the modern Ten is different. It is, in fact, a grown-up baby with the added luxury of a longer wheel-base, more roomy coachwork, and a more powerful engine—or, if you will, it is a light car scaled down in proportions so exact that you scarcely notice the reduction in size.



A Welcome Newcomer

The new Austin "Ten-Four" saloon, which comes between the "Seven" and the "Twelve-Six" in the existing Austin range, and sells complete for £168. It is fully described in the accompanying article

THE modern Ten is a type which has definitely won its place in the market. Designed, like the Seven, chiefly with a view to economy, its appeal, again like the Seven, is not on grounds of economy alone. It has come to stay, and that, I think, is the real significance of the appearance of the new Austin Ten, which was announced last week. Change for the sake of change has never been the policy of the Austin Company. New models and improvements in existing models are announced, not as novelties, but to satisfy permanent, basic demand.

NOTHING will ever shake the popularity of the genuine baby of 7 h.p. "I have been urged," said Sir Herbert Austin, when introducing the new Ten at Longbridge last week, "to transform the Austin Seven into a larger car, and have always refused because, as the designer of the Austin Seven, I know that it would not benefit by promotion. This decision has been completely justified by our sales figures, and those of new car registrations." To meet the demand of those who wanted lower-priced cars, costing less to run and maintain, Sir Herbert continued, he had decided not to increase the size of the Austin Seven, and so sacrifice characteristics which had made it famous, but to design a car specially to meet new needs. Hence the appearance of the Ten-Four.

THIS new car is not the first Ten to be built by the Austin Company. Twenty-one years ago they produced a Ten which proved very successful. Perhaps the most interesting feature of this old car was its price. It sold for £390, and was good value in its day! The new Ten sells for £168, or considerably less than half the price of its distant ancestor. What other industry can offer better value than pre-war at half the cost? But though it bears the name of an earlier model, the Ten-Four is a completely new car. It is not, in Sir Herbert's phrase, "the hybrid offspring of preceding types, nor an old model in a new guise." It is definitely distinct from the Seven and the Twelve-Six.

AT first glance, the outstanding characteristic of the new Ten-Four is the unusual width of the rear doors—a feature not always met with in cars of this class. Ingress and egress are further facilitated by the low build of the car. It is fitted with neither valance nor foot-wells, the floor line being practically on a level with the running boards; the lines are clean and simple; the single pane windscreen is slightly raked, and, as in other Austin models, Triplex safety glass is fitted throughout. The sliding roof can easily be adjusted by the driver. Bumpers are fitted front and rear, and the spare wheel is mounted between the body and a neat folding luggage grid. The car is a four-cylinder, paying £10 tax. It has a four-speed, twin-top gear-box, and a six-gallon tank is mounted at the rear.

Comfort on the Road

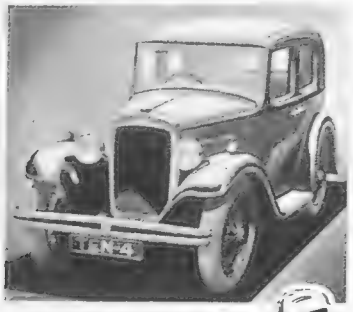
Above are seen a corner of the interior and also the exterior of a new Eccles motor caravan. Now that summer is upon us, the Eccles will be more in evidence than ever, for caravanning has definitely caught the fancy of the motoring public

A British 1000 Miles' Race.

Nearly forty cars have already been entered for the British 1000-Miles Race, which takes the place of the Double-Twelve, and will be run at Brooklands on June 3 and 4. Entries do not finally close until May 9, so there is a possibility that the field will be larger still. If the weather is kind, this new race is sure of success. Not even the most perfervid patriot would pretend that our own Thousand Miles compares with the famous Italian Mille Miglia, but in spite of limitations, for which neither the J.C.C. nor Brooklands are responsible, it ought to be a race worth seeing, and this year it is hoped that both the number of entries and the attendance will be large.

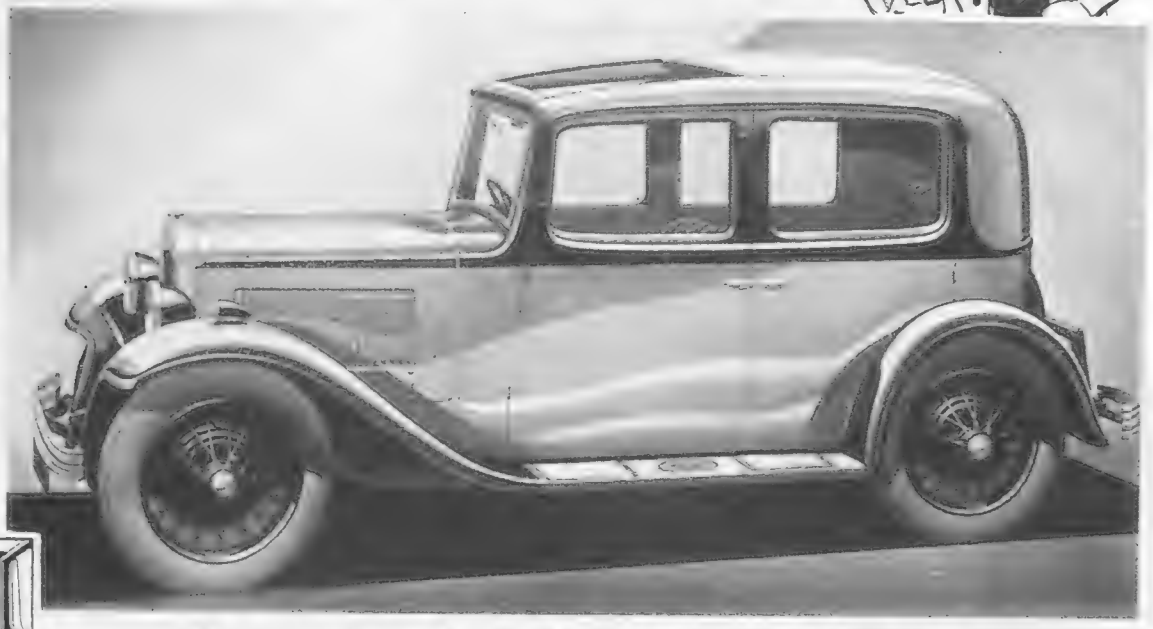
A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N

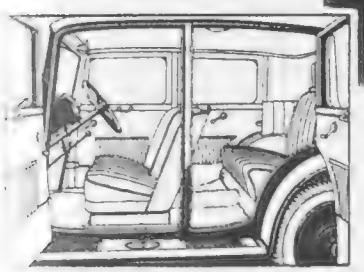
NEW it's here



THE NEW AUSTIN 'TEN'-£168

The World's Finest 'Ten-Horse' Car





POINTS YOU WANT TO KNOW

Engine: *Four cylinders, bore 2.5 in., stroke 3.5 in. (1125 cc.)* Tax £10. *Sturdy, stiff crankshaft carried on 3 large bearings. Engine suspended at 3 points on Silentbloc bushes to reduce vibration.* Wheelbase *7 ft. 9 ins.* Track *3 ft. 9 ins.* Overall Length *11 ft. 7 ins.* Width *4 ft. 6 ins.* Gear Ratios *5.25 to 1; 8 to 1; 12.8 to 1; 20.7 to 1.* Tyres *4 ins.—19 ins.* Tank at rear, capacity *6 gallons.*

(Price at works.)

SEE THE MAY AUSTIN MAGAZINE FOR FULL DESCRIPTION.

True to the Austin tradition— Outstanding Dependability

Here is the new Austin 'Ten-Four'—not an overgrown 'baby' nor a scaled-down model—but an entirely new car, a family four taxed at £10, that takes its place in the Austin range between the world-renowned Seven and the famous Twelve-Six.

Tested with exacting thoroughness, it has nothing experimental in its 'make-up.' It is as dependable as Austin, builders of dependable cars, can make it. From this illustration you can see the pleasing appearance of the Austin 'Ten-Four,' with its four exceptionally wide doors that allow easy entrance to all seats. The special dropped-frame gives a low floor level, more than usual head-room, and plenty of leg-room without the need for floor-wells. With complete equipment, including sunshine roof and bumpers the car weighs only 15½ cwts.

Its four-speed Twin-Top gearbox makes gear-changing extremely easy, and lubrication points are so few that the owner himself can attend to them. Call round at the nearest Austin dealer for full particulars.

EQUIPMENT *includes sunshine roof, leather upholstery, bumpers and shock absorbers; Triplex glass throughout and chromium finish. Instrument board equipped with oil pressure-gauge, petrol gauge, clock, speedometer and ammeter. 6-volt electric lighting with dipping beam device, side lamps, dash light, rear stop and tail light, electric horn, electric windscreen wiper, interior driving mirror, licence holder, wire wheels, five Dunlop tyres and full tool-kit.*

AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

"WHAT'S THIS, ARETHUSA?"—(Continued from page 181).

of it—he wouldn't be able to say anything but *wump quomp wim wow* for hours and hours. "What's this, Arethusa—sardines *and* soda?" He took out his notebook and began to write the draft of a letter, chewing feverishly all the time. To his surprise the ideas came lucidly into his mind—the gagging of his speech, perhaps, had an exhilarating effect on the brain.

"DEAR MISS MORRIS AND MISS HARRISON-WELLS,—I have been thinking over your offensive behaviour while on board my ship, and I write this to tell you that it did not pass unnoticed, whatever you may have thought. No doubt you thought I was too dense to understand your spiteful aspersions. The only reason why I was silent however, was because I had other things to think of than the senseless impudence of vulgar young women. Even a sailor may not always be such a *headless sardine* as you thought it funny to insinuate . . ."

WAS that perhaps going a little too far? he wondered. A breath of optimism penetrated the miasma of irritation in which he suffocated. The candy was certainly diminishing—several of his back teeth were blessedly free, and his tongue had a little room to move. When the mate appeared presently, the skipper found that he could at last articulate, and he did so with the dignified relief of one long dumb.

"How d'you spell that girl's name—Morris or Maurice?" he asked, almost clearly.

"Blowed if I know," said the mate. "I should have thought you'd have known better than I would. You got so friendly with them. Dot Morris had a regular crush on you, she said. She used to say—'Oh! 'Arry—'Arry—'Arry, why so cold to your Arethusa?' every time your name came up."

"What on earth did all that silly Arethusa stuff mean?" asked the skipper. "And all that rot about sardines and soda?" He had swallowed the last shreds of the candy with a glow of relief, and was enjoying deep, unobstructed breaths, while searching for a cigarette.

"What did it mean? Why, didn't you see that talkie in Hong Kong that everybody was mad about—'Mother Never Knew'? Romper Duff was 'Arry, and Bay Bute was Arethusa. It was saying your name, 'Arry—'Arry—'Arry, that kept on reminding the kids of that show. Sardines *and* soda was what the mother-in-law said when. . . . It was a topping show—you'd have loved it. Dot thought you were like what Romper Duff would be if he took off those goggles and didn't show his teeth in that fool way. She has a crush on Romper Duff, so you ought to feel flattered. You certainly made a hit there, skipper. I was nowhere. But give them my love, if you're writing to them—they were first-class kids."

The skipper had found a cigarette and put it between his lips. But he did not light it at once. He realised suddenly that the candy, though perhaps of a rather fatiguing consistency, had left a really delicious taste behind it. S. B.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

I confidently anticipate that the Manton stable will carry off the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas with ***Orwell*** *and* ***Orta*** *respectively.*

Several good judges have backed ***Orwell*** *to win the Two Thousand, the Derby and the St. Leger, and I consider this a good speculation.*

Grey Wonder *was much expected at Epsom, but she was too slow into her stride to get a chance to show up. Was heavily backed. Will win races over six furlongs.*

Straight Sequence *should not be missed at Newmarket. Was rapidly picking up ground at the finish of her race at the last Headquarters' Meeting.*

Three Cheers Filly, *after a thrilling sprint at Epsom, was close up third after being unlucky to be bumped. Was considered a good proposition, and the prophecy is that she will prove it in the near future.*

Max, *ridden by Freddie Fox, was soundly supported over six furlongs at Epsom, but the consistent Springbud proved too speedy. Previously suffered a narrow defeat in the North. Continue to back each way.*

Lady Trace, *holder of the two-year-old track record, is one to note with a strong jockey up. Is very fit.*

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W

PUTTING ON WEIGHT

THERE are penalties and joys for every age; for youth, for middle-age, and for the age of wisdom. Man's vanity endures beyond the perfection or the imperfection of his bodily form. God has made man in a variety of shapes.

So many of the nineteenth-century platitudes have proved false. Take, for example, "Laugh and grow fat." So far as the middle-aged woman is concerned, when she grows fat she doesn't laugh, she sheds a river of resentful tears. Then, with a grim determination, she strives to achieve the ideal of the sylphlike form of Bernard Shaw. His bathing photographs so inspire her, that she bants upon vegetables. The tissue disappears, the flesh is quelled, and in her new-found virtue she discovers that she is "too good to be untrue."

All of which is a mere preliminary to the statement that men are seldom unduly disturbed when in early middle-age they "put on weight." It is then that they should appreciate the art of good tailoring. If they have been fortunate enough to deal with a house of our standing since tender youth, they will observe how our style of cutting changes in adjustment with their increase in girth; how subtly and artistically we minimise that generous protuberance, and it is then that they realise they are getting something beyond the best of materials and the cream of the West End "log" hand-workmanship, for which they pay.

The House of Pope and Bradley make clothes for a considerable number of the smart young men about town: it is through them that those slight and periodical changes in fashion, for which we are responsible, are first effected.

Skill and experience alone enable one to understand the eccentricities of difficult figures. Great personalities often possess gaunt and scraggy frames; they can be made to appear muscular and well formed. The art of clothes is the illusion they convey; as in the addition of a few apparent inches in height to men of short stature; the bestowal of a long slender line on those inclined to rotundity.

Our salesmen advise with authority on the selection of cloths of design most suitable for men of different figures—advise as to colour, weight, and, particularly design. They will courteously endeavour to prevent a man from choosing an unwise material, however much he may desire it.

And our cutters do not merely make clothes that fit—they are artists who design each garment to suit the individuality of the wearer, to magnify the good points of his figure and minimise the defects; thus the finished product has that subtle stamp of style for which this House is famous.

Lounge Suits from Ten Guineas, Dinner Suits from Fourteen Guineas,
Dress Suits from Fifteen Guineas.

14 OLD BOND STREET W

The Thread of Destiny

"Upon what trifles hangs the destiny of man" says Voltaire, and did not the immortal Mr. Micawber declare that a single sixpence could represent all the difference between misery and happiness?

"David, my boy", he might have said, "income 20/-, expenditure 20/6d, result, misery. Income 20/- and expenditure 19/6, result, happiness and"–*a packet of*

Player's

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NCC 63.

New Guns for Old: A Survey of the Scrap Heap

By Max Baker

The Owner Up

Mr. G. Pretyman chatting with Lorna, Countess Howe, at the Kennel Club's recent Pointer and Setter Field Trials. He owns Orwell Park near Ipswich, where the trials, for which there was a large entry, were held

MOST of us are familiar with the arguments in favour of purchasing second-hand guns. For a change I will recite the opposing facts.

Always the majority of sportsmen held the view that a gun made specially for the individual offers far the best value and ensures maximum satisfaction in use. An important minority has consistently backed the opposite view that a second-hand gun, with a large part of its useful life intact, needs only to be carefully chosen to equal the new in every practical respect. The main incentive for the last-named conviction is naturally the important saving of cost that is effected. Sustained demand has kept second-hand values at a far higher figure than seems reasonable, having regard to all the facts. These are, first, the highly individualistic nature of a gun in relation to the person for whom it was originally made; second, the amount of hard service the average sample has endured; third, obsolescence.

IN sympathy with the general slump in values, second-hand guns have gone down a good deal in price, but there is every indication that they have slumped additionally in consequence of a change of sentiment amongst sportsmen. Some of the causes will repay brief mention.

Second-hand guns are not, as with motor-cars, one, two, or three-season-old models, but the product of a generation ago, a relic of twenty, twenty-five, or more years back. In the early part of the century guns were certainly not made as they are to-day. They were bigger, heavier, and in some indefinable way, clumsier than recent specimens. Their workmanship was undoubtedly good; in the companion quality of "style" they are less pleasing and certainly lack modern lines; or should I say, curves?

Standing in Judgment

The judges at the Kennel Club's Pointer and Setter Field Trials at Orwell Park. They are Lord Vivian, the Earl of Chesterfield, and Mr. D. Black

AS to gadgets, the principal one that disqualifies for present-day sale is the single trigger. This occurs in old guns much more frequently than in modern, the reason being that its complications are nowadays avoided by those who get on all right with doubles. And when a single trigger is required, experience is worth its price. Sixteen bores, fourteens, and other variations swell the list of guns on offer, but they are looked at askance because the modern twelve has swept the smaller bores off their feet.

In stock shapes there are, of necessity, many curiosities, reflecting the whims, fancies, and extravagancies of those who were over-enthusiastic in the art of fitting. A stock properly moulded to the individual should be exactly right and yet as normal as possible. Experts perceive more clearly to-day than they did at one time that faults of personal style should not be corrected in the gun but by properly supervised practice.

Ejectors largely rule the life of a gun. Though they were invented a long while ago and performed efficiently, almost from the start, the simplest and best system did not gain wide adoption till a matter of some twenty years ago. The old and less-efficient examples still plodding along have been regulated till there is no metal left to continue the process.

Trigger-pulls likewise lose a bit every time they are touched up, so that the hammers eventually get cocked before a gun is much more than half open, with resulting deficiency of blow, and more often than not a difficulty in loading, due to the breech refusing to remain fully open.

GENERAL senile decay occurs in a gun in a variety of invisible ways, but is all too palpable in the course of use. Screws automatically unturn, the breech gapes without proper excuse, cartridges fall too deep into the chamber (so running away from the hammer), striker holes become unduly enlarged and so hold on to the cap, odd limbs unexpectedly break, and always the tubes dent easily with moderate knocks. Of necessity, the bore becomes unduly large from successive annual overhauls, whilst rust pits, more or less invisible, form a breeding ground for continuing trouble.

The very peculiar action of modern short barrels in causing guns to shoot higher—that is on the mark and not below it—as is customary with the 28- and 30-inch lengths, has sundry repercussions on modern design. Stocks can be better fitted, because there is no need to set them unduly straight to correct a fault no longer present. Tubes can be made stiffer, that is, be given more metal to counteract the jar that emphasises recoil and predisposes to gun-headache.

THEN, on the question of actual efficiency in the matter of marksmanship, there is little doubt that an individually fitted modern gun, backed by plentiful clay-bird practice, is a better implement for doing justice to the fewer chances of a modern day's sport than the older-style weapon. The masters of shooting in the Edwardian period obtained ample practice at the real thing, and by specialising, for what amounted to their life's occupation, became physically capable of the effort involved. Now that shooting is less in quantity and distributed over a wider circle, the gun must be, and is being, made easier to manipulate.

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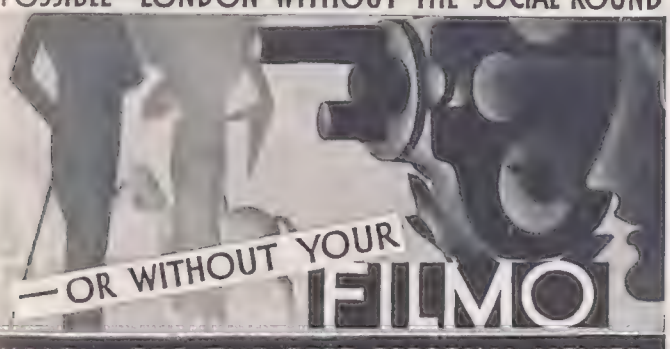

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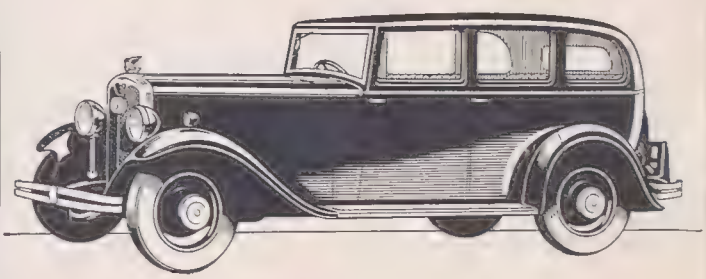

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METEOR WORKS, COVENTRY

Breeds Back to Favour : By Lady Kitty Ritson

IT is interesting to see how breeds fall in favour and then often return to favour again. Perhaps Solomon was right when he said : "There is nothing new under the sun," so that in the course of a cycle we are bound to adopt what we once despised.

At one time Pomeranians were the breed par excellence ; Queen Victoria had a fawn-coloured dog that was her constant companion, called Marco. In the picture which still exists of him, he appears to have been a more "rangy" type of dog than is favoured now, and much less cobby. This was probably the case, as the Pomeranians of those days were much heavier and bigger, 16 pounds being quite a common weight. Then it became fashionable to breed them smaller and smaller, and their value increased, until somewhere in the 'nineties Black Prince was sold for £200, which was considered an enormous sum.

EVEN before the war Pomeranians were very popular, but after the war they began to decline in favour. Very possibly this was due to the craze for breeding the tiny useless specimens, which very often were unable either to produce puppies or to rear them. These dogs were unable to protect themselves, while retaining the rather "bossy" nature of the Spitz family, and men, especially, hated their shrill bark. But in the last two years there has been a decided reaction in favour of the breed, and America has paid large sums for imported dogs. There is also an inclination to make another change and to breed them a more sensible size.

Up to three years ago I always had a Pom (but a full-sized specimen) as a house-dog and companion. They are extremely brave, very intelligent, and very much "one-man" dogs. I know of no better dog as a constant canine friend, but beware of the tiny specimens. A dog of about eight pounds is a nice size. They are an excellent investment against burglars, as they are extremely alert and very vivacious.

ANOTHER "come-back" is the Alsatian. It arrived about 1920 in this country (there had been specimens in England before the war) as a breed and simply swept the board. Prices soared to the most ridiculous heights, and £2,000 was refused for one champion. If you wished to be "smart," and right in the fashion, it was *de rigueur* to own an Alsatian, and puppies sold for fancy prices. Somebody started the legend that the dogs were partly wolf, and you would meet excited owners who told you, with bated breath, "Fritz's grandfather was a wolf, you know."

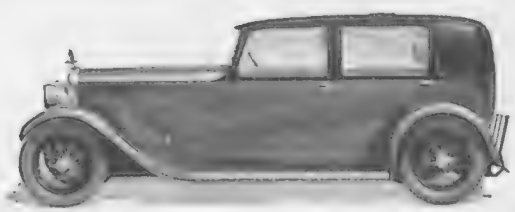
A Gentleman from Wales

"Ianto" the dog presented to Princess Elizabeth by the Welsh Terrier Association. With other champion dogs, "Ianto" has been on view daily at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia

ALL this hysterical popularity brought, of course, its own punishment. Other breeds became jealous, the "all-round" judges who had been treated very foolishly by Alsatianists were thoroughly disgruntled, and there was an intensive crusade against the unfortunate dog. He was now reported to be treacherous, cowardly, unsafe with all livestock and with children, and even the newspapers took up the cry of "Wolf! wolf!" For a couple of years the breed went out of favour, and then it began to creep back. Now it is always second or third highest in the list of entries at shows, and, although prices are not high, there is a steady demand for good puppies —a sure indication that the return to popularity will not be short-lived.

The Alsatian has an extraordinary charm, and it is impossible to give the breed up once you have owned one. I have no explanation to offer for this phenomenon. They have many faults, but there is something about them which is different from any other dog.

ALVIS



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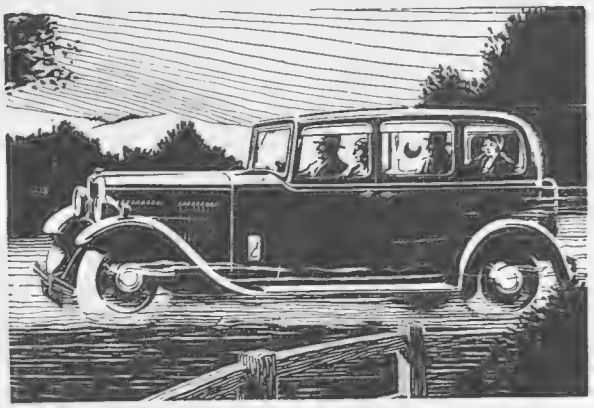

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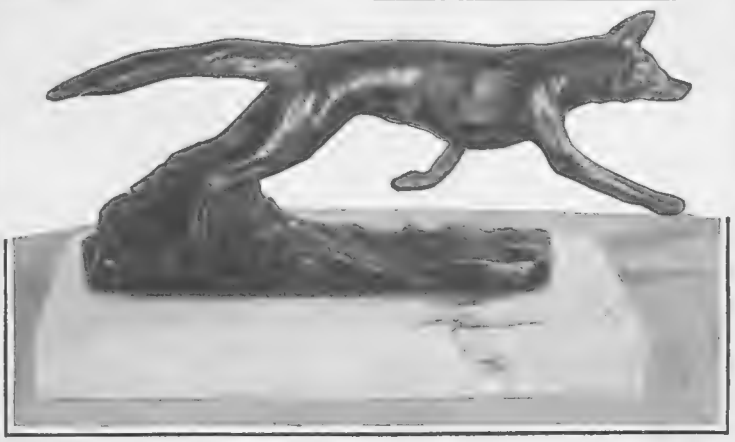

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Bronze by
T. IVESTOR LLOYD

This admirable study of a running fox is mounted on an onyx plinth, grooved on either side to receive pens, pencils, etc., It can also be obtained on a shortened base, silver-plated, for mounting on radiator cap as a car mascot.

Price **6½ gns.**; on plain marble plinth, **6 gns.**

This is one of many sporting bronzes to be seen at the Sporting Gallery, where an exclusive display of gifts for sportsmen can be seen.

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Testimonials received from all parts of the world

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

Eperlans Frits au Citron

CLEAN the required number of smelts, and put them for about fifteen minutes in milk. A little while before required for cooking, remove the smelts, drain them and dip each fish in flour, and then plunge into very hot fat and fry to a golden colour. Drain the fish on a cloth and sprinkle with salt. Dish up on a hot dish garnished with slices of lemon.

Côtelettes à la Réforme

HAVE ready some fresh bread-crumbs and finely-chopped ham; season the cutlets with pepper and salt, dip in beaten egg, cover well with the bread-crumbs and ham; fry in butter. Meanwhile cut into neat strips one slice of ham, the white of one hard-boiled egg, some gherkins, a truffle or some mushrooms. Heat these in a pan with a little good stock; drain the cutlets, and serve round the strips of ham, etc., with the following sauce.

Sauce Réforme

MELT a piece of butter, add to this one teaspoonful of flour, and stir till it just begins to brown slightly; add one gill of good stock, two cloves, three peppercorns, a very small slice of tongue, a sprig of parsley, and a bay-leaf, and season with a little salt and pepper. Boil this sauce for ten minutes, skim well, then add a wineglassful of port; boil well for ten minutes more, strain, and pour over the cutlets.

LUNCHEON

GRAPE FRUIT

***

EPERLANS FRITS AU CITRON

***

CÔTELETTES À LA RÉFORME

EPINARDS À LA CRÊME

***

POUDIN À LA CARDINAL

*

BALLES DE FROMAGE

***

CAFÉ

Poudin à la Cardinal

MAKE a custard with five eggs (the yolks and whites beaten separately), ½ pint of cream—or half milk and half cream, 4 ozs. of caster sugar, and 1 oz. of bread-crumbs; add 4 ozs. of glacé cherries and a pinch of salt; beat for ten minutes. Fill a buttered pudding mould with this mixture, steam for an hour and a-half, and serve with wine sauce.

Balles de Fromage

MIX a small cream cheese with two tablespoonfuls of whipped cream, one cupful of finely-chopped walnuts, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley and a pinch of cayenne pepper and salt. Roll into small balls and serve cold.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Spring—In the Year of Economy

The arrival of Spring is usually the revival of Spring Cleaning, although perhaps this year on more economical lines than heretofore. Realising that stringent economy will have to be borne in mind, the house of Druce, of Baker Street, have issued a Spring Booklet dealing with their unique service of cleaning, storing, and renewing, which will prove invaluable to those about to begin the overhauling of their house. Experts are available to advise on any repairs that may be necessary; they will give assistance in the choosing of wallpapers and paint colourings; while, at a telephone-call, carpets will be collected, cleaned, beaten, overhauled, if required, repaired, and returned by the time arranged for relaying. They also possess an excellent warehouse in the centre of the West End for all those who are restricted for storage room, where goods are available at any time, with special facilities for storing baggage and a strong-room for valuables. Their artistic and beautiful furniture is not expensive, and pieces of decorative value are easy to select from their varied stock. Druce and Co., Baker Street, will be more than pleased to send a copy of this informative Spring Booklet upon application.

The beautiful embroidery in the above Regimental Colours has been executed by the Disabled Soldiers' Embroiders Industry, who have taught over 400 totally disabled ex-Service men to do embroidery. The Friends of the Poor have organised a Sale to be held at 42, Princes Gate, by kind permission of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Rees-Mogg, on May 4 and 5. All who are interested in the beautiful work done by these disabled men should make a point of attending on one of the above days

Torquay's Royal Visitor

Before leaving Dartmouth College to become a midshipman in the Navy, Don Juan, together with the ex-King Alfonso of Spain, visited the Palace Hotel, Torquay. One of the things that interested the Royal visitors most of all were the beautiful grounds adjoining the hotel, and the profusion of rare trees and plants; one particularly fine specimen being an old cork tree, reputed to be 150 years old. King Alfonso has great practical knowledge of forestry, for he gave Mr. Willard (the manager) more than one useful hint as to the proper treatment of this type of tree. Spain exports immense quantities of cork, and on the Royal estate in Spain there are no fewer than 5000 cork trees. During an intensive tour of the hotel the visitors witnessed a demonstration on the gymnastic wheel by the instructor, Mr. Leslie Southwood, after which King Alfonso mounted the electric horse and greatly enjoyed a riding exercise.

A picturesque view of the beautiful grounds adjoining the Palace Hotel, Torquay, recently visited by ex-King Alfonso of Spain. The Royal visitor was intensely interested in the 150-year-old cork tree in the grounds, and in the cork bridge made from the bark of this particular tree, seen in the above picture

An Interesting Fashion Display

A display which will be of interest to all women, but particularly those who live in the country and are interested in sport, is the fashion parade organised by Burberry, Ltd., of the Haymarket. This commences on May 2 and continues until May 6, when all the new season's models will be shown daily.

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